

MACLEAN'S

MARTINIS AND MAUI
Gordon Campbell and the
B.C. premiers' curse

OUT OF THE RUNNING
Can Allan Rock survive to
campaign another day?

THE IMPROVISED CITY
Montreal is like a jazz medley,
writes Will Ferguson

THE **NEW** NEW WORLD ORDER

War with Iraq seems inevitable.
JONATHAN GATEHOUSE
on what's at stake for the
White House—and Canada.



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CONSEQUENCES OF WAR

What do we do about Iraq? Indecision is understandable—but unacceptable.

MY BRITISH-BORN MOTHER was in her 80s in 1939, the year the Second World War began. She remembered the ink smearing the neighbours, and the small, dampening parades digging the mud in the back yard, and emptying the grocery shelf for use as a bomb shelter. After the war, she recalls the unusual normalcy of the early 1940s, while the world edged toward catastrophe, she and her sisters, like millions of others, took to routine evaded their best without out the gathering worldwide storm.

Today, many people are also living their lives as if the war is over. They are not. The conflict with Iraq that may be no more than a few weeks away. Obviously, the situation is different in some key ways unlike Britain then, we don't face attack on our soil. Most of us outside the military would have no direct contact with the enemy. And now, as Peter Mansbridge points out (page 14), security provisions mean that much of any Canadian war effort will be shrouded in secrecy, we may never even know who our enemies are, or the reasons of their contribution.

But as we stand again on the brink, we need to look back at the background, potential consequences and warnings in the case of war. That's the subject of my cover package this week, written by National Affairs Correspondent Jonathan Gashwiler. He can draw extensive interviews with experts here and abroad, examining the reasons why the United States seems determined to go to war—and why Canada likely to offer support, despite John Chretien's assertion that we will not be involved in any part of a United Nations sponsored action.

In the 1960s, two events profoundly changed the balance of world power: in ways that initially seemed all for the better. The collapse of the Soviet East bloc freed dozens of top leaders pushing a new dawn of the world's two superpowers. And the 1991 Gulf War, with the creation of the United Nations' no-fly zones, was supposed to lead to a New World Order in which democratic nations policed the globe together. The

and a European Communist regime lost a final handful of millions of people who lived under their, facing a threat and who may Saddam Hussein into law were by any measure desirable goals. But the fall of a from both sides hasn't been as clear cut as it appeared. In the first instance, arms trading from Chechnya to the former Yugoslavia are making from those conflicts previously held in check. And tensions toward an enhanced American presence in the Middle East beginning with the Gulf War overlaid to 9/11 and the growth of the al-Qaeda terrorist network.

Actions that appear clear-cut after the event, ungraspable outcomes. People around the World. It was argued that the withdrawal of a post-Saddam democratic regime in Iraq could set off a positive domino effect in the Middle East. But another possibility is that attacking Iraq could further heighten Arab resistance toward the West, to this day's lives of al-Qaeda feel terrorism would be dramatically worsened. No wonder our earlier elected officials were as divided as the rest of us, with France, Britain, defence minister and foreign affairs minister giving off a series of contradictory statements last week. That they and other Canadians—can afford that luxury. Do we go boldly to war if the U.S. and Britain do so without UN support, or declare, as hold by, that we are not right to go to war? Either would be preferable to the present indecision in Ottawa—what, unswayed, becomes a decision by default, and makes us vulnerable spectators to a conflict that ultimately has no solution. Whichever side leadership endorses, please.

Anthony Wilson-Smith

Anthony Wilson-Smith is *Maclean's* Editor's Letter.

MACLEAN'S

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THEMAIL

'Avril Lavigne's accomplishments at such a young age are an amazing success story and a credit to her talent as a singer/songwriter.' —*SPENCER HERRICK, LANS, BRITAIN*

A matter of taste

Paul: who is and who's not? As an Avril Lavigne fan, I have read article after article about her, only to see the same debate over whether she is a "punk" or not. I was overwhelmed with joy that your story about her was not only full of this discussion, but also contained new and interesting information ("Avril's edge," Cover, Jan. 13). Some people out there may think that Avril is a scoby, undeserving teenager. I hope this article gives them some insight into what she's been going through. And thanks for featuring a picture of Ciara's Maestros because they truly are an amazing band ("Abrams in Ajax," Cover, Jan. 13).

Mary Gosselin-Wynn, Mississauga, Ont.

I fail to see the newsworthiness of eight pages devoted to the self-absorption of some allegedly musical teens ("Avril's edge," "Abrams in Ajax," Cover, Jan. 13). The contrast with two pages devoted to social criticism of racism, low cost housing ("Madd housing," Homelessness) and three pages to the sacrifices and trials of a prisoner of war ("A brutal march," History/weekend) is the reality of human life. Oh dear, I'm getting old!

Murray M. Weiss, Toronto

I was extremely impressed with the "Abrams in Ajax" article. It was great to see Maclean's dig a deeper into the real music scene. Most cities in Canada have or recently have had great local music scenes flooded with punk-rock bands. Check out compilation CDs by small Canadian labels like Mountain Records, which feature hundreds of Canadian bands! You'll see that Ajax is by no means unique in its abundance of kids who want to "rock out."

Rob Johnston, Toronto

Enjoyed the Avril Lavigne feature—the big, sex-laden in Britain, with a lot of focus on her music. Talent must run in the family as Avril's father, John, played bass guitar on some of the tracks on the two early CDs, *My Window to Now* and *The Queen*



Spent the day with Niagara, Ont., musician Stephen Mould as the songwriter Paul Atkinson, Montreal Gazette

Unholy trinity

I am writing to express my frustration with EnCana Corp. CEO Gwyn Morgan. "The holistic oil baron" (Business, Jan. 13). Your article says that Morgan is an "advocate of

holistic medicine." But Morgan's life choice as it does reflect a truly holistic approach that would require changing the way people live, what and how much we eat, the work we do and, very importantly, how much we drive. North America is "built for drivers," organized in a way that promotes a sedentary, consumer lifestyle. Excessive driving is also a major contributor to air pollution, which causes and aggravates respiratory diseases. Morgan fails to recognize that, through his work as an oil executive, he is moving forces in a larger sense that runs counter to a holistic approach to health.

Martina Farquhar Macdonald, Toronto

Gwyn Morgan stated that EnCana aims to "leave the environment in Ecuador in better shape than [the company] found it." With the pervasive Ecuadorian gasoline sytting regularly, that's certainly possible. However, while tourism is another viable industry in this beautifully diverse country, EnCana and its partners have instead opted building the pipeline through the town of Manta, one of the best birding spots in South America. While it's projected to take 10 to 20 years, Ecuadorians all over will be feeling the effects long after EnCana has pulled out and moved on to its next country. Morgan's holistic outlook misses more than he knows.

William White, Quito, Ecuador

Willing for honesty

Anthony Wilson Smith ("Time to rock the vote," The Editor's Letter, Jan. 13) and Peter Macleanbridge ("Almond new leaders," Macleanbridge on the Record, Jan. 13) argue that anecdotal evidence suggests that the lack of dynamic political leaders is a main reason for fewer Canadians voting. Actually, extensive polling and statistical evidence suggests that Canada's electoral and democratic political system is a main reason. "They're all like who help themselves and their friends" is a complaint about politicians heard across the country. In 1995, the first Liberal government's cultural and political strategy, the election was heavily and ethically, and he set up an independent ethics watchdog [as all previous have had for years]. The Prime Minister has finally introduced these measures in Parliament. He also wants to ban wealthy corporations and interest groups from donating to politi-

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- ☐ Send out an army of diplomats
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Watch. Then decide.

MACLEAN'S BEHIND THE SCENES



PHOTO BY J. J. HARRIS

A PASSION FOR SPORTS

We Canadians love our sports. Not just hockey, either. Whether as players or spectators, millions of us across the country have embraced baseball, soccer, basketball, football, golf, tennis and many other sports with a true passion.

With that in mind, Maclean's is proud to include the premiere edition of *Sportsnet Magazine* in its Feb. 3 issue (on newsstands the week of Jan. 27). *Sportsnet Magazine* is brought to you by Rogers Sportsnet, Canada's only regional specialty channel and the country's fastest-growing sports network. *Sportsnet's* managing editor of hockey and well-known sports journalist Scott Morrison (above) oversees the project.

This first issue will take a critical look at the state of Canada's NHL teams. It will also profile Toronto Blue Jays third baseman and 2002 American League Rookie of the Year Irik Hinson, and it will take a crack at assembling the perfect NHL goalie (here's a hint—he has Patrick Roy's head and José Theodore's catching hand).

Three future editions of *Sportsnet Magazine* will follow throughout 2003, bringing you the scoop on events that are impacting the world of professional sports, the teams and the athletes. They'll follow the playoffs, profile the players and deliver all the sports-related stories that matter to you. Some of the magazine content will even come to life on a Rogers Sportsnet Hockeycentral special — *Canadian Hockey On Thin Ice*, June 15, Jan. 27 at 7 p.m. (Sportsnet Ontario and Sportsnet Pacific) and Jan. 30 at 7 p.m. (Sportsnet West and Sportsnet East).

Sportsnet Magazine. Don't miss it.

For further information, contact behindthescenes@macleans.ca

BREAKING NEWS

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**MILITARY** | Some unfriendly testimony for the friendly fire pilots

As a soldier witnesses hearing rumors, Canada's elites realized that they might lose. April 1968 was a 227 kg bomb dropped from the skies over Afghanistan and killed four of their comrades. It was Canada's most celebrated case of death by friendly fire, and rewriting the event also brought out the communications gaps that played a role in the war. Canadian Capt. Joseph Jumper told the inquiry that his colleagues had been having difficulty communicating with their American commanders at times, and that he personally was unaware of a US regulation that requires allied troops to use blinding lights when they train at night.

But in the hearing to determine whether the two U.S. pilots who dropped the bomb should face court-martial and manslaughter charges, it was one American official who offered the most damning testimony.

U.S.-Col. Lieutenant Stutzman, a senior overseer of the air war, said Maj. Harry Schmidt and Maj. William Umbach "should have known" they were flying over an area under U.S. control—it was an understood training ground, he said—and should have told the Members of the Princess Patricia's Canadian Light Infantry sent carrying out a live ammunition drill at Turak Farm—an abandoned terrorist compound—when the bomb attack.

Cockpit voice tapes show that just seconds after Schenck dropped the bomb, he received a radio transmission confirming the reports. "It's a dud!" But his lawyers argued that almost three minutes passed between the time Schenck first reported his intentions to bomb and the actual incident. "What happened during that final three minutes is still being probed in detail."

Schmidt arrives with Lisa, at the hearing. Facing possible manslaughter charges, the pilot says he acted in self-defense.



ScoreCard

✓ Deenie Campbell: Of course R.C. politics is moving at top speed. But, paid to science study that says a few drinks are good for a child's health.

A.P.K. Bowling: Harry Potter's crusade overcomes writer's block, and gets a 300-page installment to be released in June. Ought to keep the mails free of bids for months.

Theretofore, the
Survivor has been
the imperfect
Mel Lastman, who
clash hands with
Neil Angus, instead
about being eaten by
cannibals and generally
kill the city like a
Mare Brothers, must
Myst now avoid the
return of blandness
and a nation's work.

You're kidding me? Justice Minister Irwin Cotler is publicly contradicted by Prime Minister Jean Chrétien about whether Canada will go to war in Iraq without UN backing. Says, it's all part of his on-the-job training. Aye, we're ready to fight.

A lanky Carter, Dubuque catcher, enters baseball hall of fame as a Montreal Expo chronicler, the lanky Irish immigrant, rather than as a raw Irish Milt, the team he helped win a World Series. Dubuque Expo struggles will survive as a memory.

Pioneer *sound.vision.soul*

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"I wonder if he knows his plates are expired?"



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Quote of the week | 'Collective bluffing cannot bring about collective security.'

U.S. Defense Secretary DONALD RUMSFELD quoting Martin Luther King, who also said, "Determine if necessary, but not necessarily destruction."

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COMPARING FIVE-STAR RATINGS

[illegible]

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WADSWORTH • ANSWERS TO TEST 10



POBNOGRAPHY | "Who are you? Who, who, who, who?"

He's been a major legend, not just for his lanky, leonine style with the guitar, but also for his contradictions: at his nearly 40 years on the scene, the Who's Peter Townshend has been rock's carefree artist and also one of its more eccentric bad boys, with no end. It seemed, to some of his admirers, that Townshend a purveyor of pedophilia? Or is he more a high-profile target for overly zealous investigation arising in an onslaught of thousands of alleged kiddie-porn users worldwide?

As part of that effort, Canadian police forces have located, for 20 years, of more than 2,000 suspects who used email early to access a particularly nasty site in Texas, shut down in

Townshend, a purveyor of kiddie porn? Or caught up with his own troubled childhood?

1999. But fewer than 100 have been arrested because the investigation lacks dedicated resources and a high profile, Toronto police and the Ontario provincial force said at a press conference. But the police was given a detailed brief when Townshend's band called off Townshend a computer and arrested, but didn't charge—first for buying a child pornography website. Friends and fans were outraged, but Townshend himself was more casual. He had shambled on these sites for research he was doing into his own troubled childhood, he told reporters. A year ago he even posted an essay on his Web site decrying the ease with which pedophilic images on the Internet are "sold out like a free line of cocaine at a decadent cocktail party, only the strong-willed or the socially astute can resist."

seems in a single trust. The new arrangement gives them a virtual monopoly on Western Canada's coal and will also make them the second largest supplier of steel-making coal in the world.

CRIME The RCMP has assigned 10 officers to investigate the recent murders of two 16-month-old prostitutes, their bodies found in front of a bar, to see if there is a link to the deaths of the other two prostitutes killed between 1999 and 2003.

ASTROLOGY A dispute among co-owners of a \$180,000 Holistic Astrology program has been reached from her cozy southwestern

Ontario been in the dead of night and up had across the U.S. border to Ohio, apparently without proper quarantine forms or even a second glance from security-conscious immigration police. A cover case on duty inspectors, Donnell Pearl Skyeblie, or Pearl is devoted, in one of the best-known cases in the world.

SCIENCE

GENE THERAPY French scientists reported that a second child in a highly experimental gene therapy trial has shown signs of leukemia, a finding that led to serious and ethical concerns in a pioneering technique

partly developed in Canada. U.S. authorities immediately halted 27 similar gene therapy trials (Canada's efforts never got to the stage of using re-engineered genes to treat genetic disorders). The two French boys were from a group of 11 who all appeared to be overcoming the rare condition called "bubble boy disease," where they were born without a working immune system.

After 15 years, researchers have identified a gene that causes children born immune system a small group of people, descendants of the few families who settled Quebec's Saguenay region in the mid-1600s. No one has been found but identification shows a mother the option of terminating a pregnancy.

BY ASHLEY



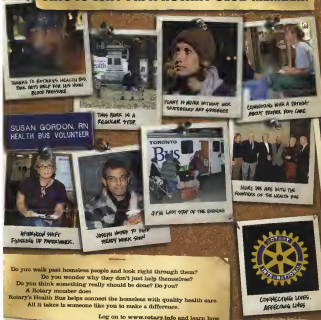
HEALTH German researchers are warning pregnant women and nursing mothers to stop, or sharply curtail, eating french fries or potato chips because most contain the chemical acrylamide. First identified in April as a potent liver cancer-causing ingredient in fried and baked foods, acrylamide is highly water-soluble and therefore passes easily to fetuses and nursing newborns.

Smoking can kill but nicotine patches are helping certain Alzheimer's patients counter fraying memories, according to scientists at Duke University Medical Center.

GLOBAL WARNING A new book by astrophysicist Donald Brownlee and paleontologist Peter Ward says the conditions on last legs and will be overruled by the sun in 7.5 billion years, give or take.



THIS IS WHY I'M A ROTARY CLUB MEMBER.





COVER

THE NEW NEW WORLD ORDER

With a second Gulf war looming, JONATHAN GATEHOUSE reports on what's really at stake

THE MACHINERY OF WAR is lurching into gear. Increasing the pressure by its comments, the United States is mobilizing its ships, soldiers, tanks and planes for an attack on Iraq—last week ordering 62,000 more troops to get ready for service in the Persian Gulf and join the 75,000 already in place or on their way. United Nations inspectors in Baghdad have stepped up their search for a “smoking gun” to prove accusations that Saddam Hussein has continued his drive to amass an arsenal of chemical, biological and nuclear weapons, turning up a cache of heavy artillery shells that once held poison gas. And although the timetable seems to change by the hour—war within weeks or as late as next fall—there is a growing sense that a confrontation is now inevitable. “Time is running out,” George W. Bush warned in a recent speech. “I am sick and tired of games and deception.” Aid groups are raising supplies in Iran, Turkey, Syria and Jordan, preparing to deal with a

flood of Iraqi refugees. Israel, a target of Saddam’s in 1991, has again received Patriot anti-missile systems from America to protect its cities.

Hans Eide, the chief UN weapons inspector, is scheduled to provide his next briefing to the Security Council on Jan. 27, although he and others have already said there are many unanswered questions arising from Iraq’s 12,000-page declaration of its arms stockpiles and weapons program. Bush is scheduled to give his State of the Union address the next night and will meet with Britain’s Tony Blair—who has dispatched a naval task force to the Gulf—at Camp David on Jan. 31. Pentagon planners say they will have 150,000 troops, the minimum number observers believe are needed to launch a full-scale invasion, in place by mid-February.

Ottawa, We’re many U.S. allies, seems tensed on the issue. Last week, Jean Chrétien played down suggestions that Canada will join in an attack even if the UN fails to deliver its mandate of approval—though he previously refused to shut the door on such participation. Similar

Bush has warned that “Time is running out—I am sick and tired of games and deception.”



policy disputes continue to make headlines in France, Germany and Austria, and even Blair, America's biggest booster in the east, says to our soldiers, a heavy charge must now be met: not retreat and rescue.

Such debates, however, seem to be having little effect on America's determination to topple a regime that is perceived as a threat to regional stability and global security. The White House last week laid the groundwork for an alternative to a UN-led coalition, formally asking NATO partners for military assistance, so it did for an intervention in Kosovo in 1999. *Amor mundi* ("virtuous administration officials") are frequently quoted in the U.S. media suggesting Bush is ready to go it alone if necessary.

The harsh perception of war has slowed on the soft language of diplomacy. Analysts generally press the use for conflict, 24 hours a day on news channels. The rhetoric is flowing fast and furious out of Washington, Baghdad, and other world capitals that when the shooting starts, what will really be at stake?

Warlike postures have become commonplace in Europe since the U.S.

ANOTHER FINE PETROLEUM BY-PRODUCT

"The problem with Iraq is not oil," an over-estimated Donald Rumsfeld, the U.S. secretary of defense, told reporters for the umpteenth time earlier this month. "The problem with Iraq is chemical and biological weapons today and nuclear weapons tomorrow." The problem for Donald Rumsfeld is that hardly anyone believes he's telling the whole truth.

If you're looking for the crucial difference between North Korea and Saddam Hussein himself, the answer is \$12 billion barrels. Iraq sitting on the world's second largest proven oil reserve behind neighbouring Saudi Arabia, and experts believe hundreds of billions more barrels remain to be discovered. Although the United States has tried to reduce its dependence on Middle East oil since the energy crisis of the 1970s (imports from the region now account for more 25 per cent of America's consumption),

Japan, Europe, and many other parts of the world still rely heavily on Gulf crude. "It's a security-of-supply issue," says Vincent Lussier, a global energy analyst with the Canadian Foreign Relations Institute in Calgary. "The basic relationship between the long-term stability of Saudi Arabia is in question and it needs an alternative." Although Iraq's oil infrastructure is outdated and in poor repair, the country still manages to produce up to 2.5 million barrels a day, with the potential for much more.

Then there is money. Some White House planners are reportedly floating the idea of using Iraq oil to help defray the war's \$50- to \$200-billion estimated cost. And a new Western-friendly regime in Baghdad could mean billions in windfalls for petroleum companies—except those who explore and drill, but also those who supply and maintain equipment. Cheap gas for consumers, however, is probably not part of the Bush doctrine. "Iraq has the production capacity to break the back of OPEC," but I don't think that's what the Americans want," says Lussier. "If prices go too low, high-cost



oil fields like those in Canada, the U.S. and Europe are no longer profitable, production falls and the world becomes more, not less, dependent on Muslim crude.

On the other hand, a drawn-out conflict in Iraq or a war that spreads throughout the region could cause shortages and a surge in prices, potentially crippling the world economy. The U.S. has 392 million barrels of oil in storage, mostly along the Gulf Coast for such contingencies, but that won't last long in a country with a 19.6-million-barrel-a-day habit. In the dangerous game of war in the Middle East, oil is still the wild card.

BUT WHAT HAVE YOU DONE FOR ME LATELY?

The British already think The Asians are on their way. We're still officially undecided, but the British government's finding that Iraq's oil is an increasingly unattractive financial betting place.

"To be frank, Canada's overmatched and ill-equipped military doesn't have much to offer to any serious campaign against Iraq—our CF-35 fighter jets need a com-

Canadian forces played a part in Afghanistan, but what will a new war bring?"

munication and weapons upgrade, our combat troops are doing foreign missions, and we don't have the capacity to outfit our tanks and armored vehicles in the region. Just as with so many things in life, it's the thought that counts. "The Americans want flags. They want coalition partners," says Martin Shadwick, a defense analyst with York University.

In November, the United States met a mission with its 100,000, asking for many frigates, Aurora patrol aircraft, Coyote reconnaissance vehicles, and commandos from Joint Task Force 2 in the event of another Gulf war. The Canadian government has dragged its feet in responding, saying it wants UN Security Council approval for an attack against Saddam before making a decision. But a show of displeasure from Washington (Canadian military officials were politely forced out of some recent planning meetings and exercises in the region), and fears of repercussions in other areas like

trade, seem to have tipped the balance in favor of Canadian participation.

Now it appears to be a matter of finding the sweet spot between American demands and the apparent ambivalence of the Canadian public toward such an adventure. "We can shed our contribution," says Shadwick. "Keep it to the absolute minimum—no ship, perhaps—or something much more substantial, maybe up to a battle group—800 or 1,000 soldiers." In 1991, Canada sent ships, planes and a field hospital to the Gulf War and ranked fourth among NATO nations in contributions. Last year in Afghanistan, Canada stepped up with field troops when many other nations refused. "We paid our dues in more ways than one with that deployment," says Shadwick, noting the friendly fire deaths of four Canadian soldiers last April. "Now we'll see if that counts for anything with the Americans." With a preliminary inquiry into charges against the U.S. air force pilots who dropped the bomb on an embassy, a night before both Washington and Ottawa learned softly when it comes to any place to put more soldiers in harm's way.



SEARCHING FOR A SMOKING GUN

It's hard to say when we reached a consensus that there is something inherently unspurring about certain images of bombs, missiles and shells. After all, weapons of all types are designed to maim and kill, and governments and industry expend billions every year trying to find more efficient means to that end. Nonetheless, the war-rational community has decided to draw the line at letting just any destroyer have its own modality of chemical, biological and nuclear devices.

What makes Saddam Hussein a pariah is not his pursuit of what the Bush administration likes to label "weapons of mass destruction" (Israel, India, Pakistan and others continue to pursue nuclear programs with few consequences), but his apparent willingness to use them. In the 20th century, Iraq forces (often following battle plans drawn up by covert American advisers) used mustard, poison gas and at least 10 separate occasions, killing and injuring more than 28,000 Iranians and Kurds. And there

Kuwait in the north of Iraq took up arms against Saddam's regime after the Gulf War.

are lingering suspicions that American troops inside Iraq's WMD were also exposed to poison gas in the field.

In the years after that conflict, the United Nations universalized significant codes of biological and chemical weapons in Iraq and evidence of sophisticated and far-reaching efforts to bolster such devices and acquire nuclear capability. Saddam Hussein's regime severely reduced international scrutiny, dissembling, delaying and ultimately expelling the inspectors. The question today is what Iraq has been up to since it stopped even pretending to co-operate in 1998.

Breese Taylor, a former U.N. chief weapons inspector in Iraq and now head of the U.S. office of the London-based International Institute of Strategic Studies, says he has no doubts that Saddam has continued his clandestine efforts to arm himself. "I don't see how we can now ever oust him," Taylor said. "People should not underestimate Saddam Hussein." Taylor agrees with other

weapons experts that the Iraqis are only about a year, if not months, away from having the bomb. "Nuclear weapons are what really worry me," he says. "Saddam's spent 25 years working on this program and spent more than \$15 billion and has very capable people."

In the end, each fear and suspicion may be all the proof the Bush administration needs to launch a war. As Hans Blix and his inspection team in Iraq had to find a "smoking gun," the White House masters has become "the absence of evidence is not the absence of absence." In a post-9/11 world, the idea of a reliable distant agent with the deadliest types of weapons, serving atop a significant portion of the world oil supply, is something Americans feel they can't tolerate.

OSAMA BIN HUSSEIN?

Saddam Hussein's identity have been sealed on Sept. 17, 2001. According to the Washington Post, that's the day George W. Bush named al-Qaeda as the self-proclaimed perpetrator to begin planning for a war in Afghanistan and, almost in passing, to lay



out military options for a conflict with Iraq.

Saddam's identity is later, despite the best efforts of the CIA and other intelligence services, there is still no compelling connection, direct or otherwise, between the Iraqis and the attacks on New York and Washington, or anywhere else. "There is no evidence that would justify military action," says Magnus Ranarsoy, deputy director of the Centre for the Study of War and Political Violence at St. Andrew's University in Scotland. A few individual scenarios, like the infamous Abu Nidal, have found shelter and access in Baghdad, but Saddam Hussein isn't pulling the strings of radical Islamists, in some of his toughest moments. "While U.S. troops go to war with Iraq it's not about Baghdad's links to al-Qaeda," Ranarsoy says.

Rather, the White House is seemingly unshakable resolve to remove a long-time thorn at America's side in Iraq, in part at least, another reason that Saddam has been a thorn in the past and will inevitably prove to become again in the future. It's a strategy of "preventive war"—a slippery new direction for American foreign policy—that

United Nations inspectors continue to search for evidence of dismantling weapons.

its path to a new Vice President Dick Cheney have been calling for since long before Sept. 11.

As of 1991, some garden and intelligence analysis are raising the specter that a controlled Saddam Hussein will strike back, dispatching teams of terrorists, perhaps armed with chemical or biological weapons, to bring the war home to the West. It's a possibility, but not a strong one, according to Ranarsoy. "If the war had been with Iraq, I would be having some sleepless nights," he says. Iraq is more likely to use a diabolical counter-punch against U.S. troops or bases, in hopes of widening the conflict. Cold comfort for the rest of the world.

BAGHDAD, U.S.A.

Regardless of the panning over Saddam Hussein's end or engaged arsenal of mass destruction, American planners have to be feeling pretty confident about their chances in Iraq. The Iraqis, in 1991, the ground

campaign collapsed. Kuwait lasted just 100 hours, following (Iraqis say) the shock bombing. Coalition forces claimed to have destroyed 66 percent of Iraq's tanks, 10 percent of its armored vehicles and artillery, tank destroyers, and forced what remained of an air force to take shelter in Iraq. The best estimates put Iraqi combat and civilian deaths in the tens of thousands versus just 250 coalition troops, 44 of whom died. In short, it wasn't a fair fight then, and the evidence suggests 12 years of sanctions and military moves have made the balance of power even more lopsided.

In many ways, the conventional military challenge posed by Iraq is the least of the White House's worries. Bush and his advisers are already looking ahead to a post-Saddam world and the potential fallout. Their most serious, the so-called "soft case" for war, holds that a democratic, secular, Western-friendly government in Iraq could be the domino that starts the transformation of the entire region.

Fouad Ajami, director of Middle East studies at Johns Hopkins University, argues that

changing the regime in Baghdad to the first step to "sucking the oxygen" out of Islamic fundamentalism. "Arabs no longer believe that justice can be obtained in one's hand from one's own rulers," he says. "Politically, economically, culturally, these are wretched nations." A "demanded" Iraq would stand as an example of America's good intentions and an inspiration for reformers, says Ajami.

There would also be a double benefit for U.S. foreign policy. Iran, part of Bush's "axis of evil," would be weakened by more progressive governments in Afghanistan and Baghdad, putting added pressure on a regime that many say is facing another revolution. Iraq could assume the role of America's new best friend in the Middle East, reducing dependence on Egypt and Saudi Arabia, two hotbeds of anti-Americanism.

"We have a dominant imperial position in the world and the region, and we are there to stay," says Ajami. "Iraq is not a bad place to show that the American empire is not just about military budgets and secret bombs but also reforms and a commitment to secular, democratic government." It's a vision shared by many left-leaning Republicans. The road to Baghdad looks like the beginning of a much longer highway.

THE WORLD ACCORDING TO WASHINGTON

Of course, their enemies, and the far-left chair, still see a statement of what America hopes and needs to accomplish by going to war with Iraq. Not only is it the globe's largest nuclear power through nuclearism alone, Iraq is a Cold War remnant that has spent much of its life in the world wars, and faced with a new type of strategic danger, the United States is serving notice—first in Afghanistan, now in Baghdad—that its own interests will be forcefully put first.

"The history of American foreign policy has been a history of imperial expansion from the end of the Revolutionary War to the present," says Howard Zinn, author of the acclaimed *A People's History of the United States*. "It's an ongoing criticism of American military, economic and political power." The talk of establishing democracy, promoting freedom and liberating oppressed peoples is just a talk. Zinn points to the long and depressing list of authoritarian governments installed or supported by the United States. "We're not unconditional democratic reformers," he says. "We're



Washington believes that toppling Saddam may spark change throughout the region

interested in regimes we can control."

Centrally the history of the Iraq Gulf conflict provides few reasons for optimism. In the months after the war, when Kurds in the north and Shiites in the south took up arms against the Iraq government, the United States still opted for Saddam's tyrannical status quo over the disorder of rebellion. Kuwait, liberated in the name of freedom, may be more open than some of its neighbors, like Saudi Arabia, but remains far from a democracy. And in Iraq, where he suffered the most in both the war—many deaths and maimed strikes turned out to be bloody and brutal in any other military situation—and the 12 years of sanctions that have followed.

Some critics have suggested that Bush is simply cleaning up the mess left behind by his daddy. And there is some personal bag-

gage, as evidenced by his selection during a speech last September to a purported 1993 plot by Saddam to assassinate Bush's son. Zinn is doubtful. "Does Bush really think he's bringing his father? If so, that would be a pretty stupid way of sending a huge message of purity into conflict and bringing an account," he says. "The rest of character—Chey, Rumsfeld, Powell, Saddam—is largely the same, and the theme is too familiar."

The crucial difference this time may be the opposition's role. Despite the rhetoric of war, by Washington, many Americans remain unconvinced that the journey we will be just or noble. Skepticism, both at home and abroad, may not be enough to do what we once seemed invincible, but perhaps some lessons have been drawn from the past. A recognition, at least, that the new, new world order is based on some very old-fashioned principles.



TRANSFORMED BY WAR

How the first Gulf conflict changed the United Arab Emirates

IN THE MID-1970s, my father arrived in the United Arab Emirates to start a new job, with wife and infant daughter (yes) as well. We flew into an airport that was little more than an air strip and a small, windowless. Thirty-five years later, when we immigrated from the UAE to Canada, we flew out of an airport that looked like a futuristic Disneyland.

It's very true, a symbol of how this tiny country has transformed itself from a Middle Eastern backwater into a small but important destination for international business people, tourists and diplomats. And the UAE has come to the top of its neighborhood because it makes the most full advantage of the opportunities that a war in its backyard presented.

That conflict began on Jan. 17, 1991, with the Allied bombing campaign against Iraq. With Iraq's invasion of Kuwait five months earlier, some had said that the UAE would be safe. We were given warnings of a possible chemical attack from an enraged Saddam. But we were more intrigued with the changes taking place right around us.

Until then, the UAE had been the small, second-tier neighbor of the big player in the Persian Gulf—Saudi Arabia. But the country had found a way to experience with Western-style capitalism while maintaining a Muslim and Arab identity and identity following the Saudi-led economic and political system, but going its own way in attracting foreign investment and involvement in its economy. Dubai's rulers were carving out a niche by being what Saudi Arabia was not—open to the West. It was a process that only accelerated with the war—and after the end of hostilities.

Although Allied bombers took off from Saudi bases, the UAE played a key role. The country's pragmatic leadership went out of its way to make their country a transitional place for Westerners. By the end of the war, the infrastructure in Dubai, the coun-

try's commercial capital, as well as office and residential space, had grown dramatically. Multinational companies like Microsoft and FedEx set up shops, their sights turned toward the Gulf, Pakistan and beyond. In 1985, the UAE had established its own airline, Emirates, by the mid-'90s it was being consistently voted among the best in the world—the most fun.

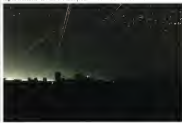
The UAE now features world-class hotels and resorting practices. Dubai has earned a reputation as a shopper's paradise, there's even a small shopping festival held every two weeks. The city has cultivated the image of a cosmopolitan hub, where people from all over the world work, spend money and have fun. Of the country's 2.5 million people, no more than 19 per cent are Emirati, but they still control the country through ownership laws that ensure that in most cases businesses have majority local partners.

All sounds too good to be true. The last 12 years of prosperity have been a money and privilege at young Emiratis. But it's been a troubling few headlines, one far from a money is running as fast as it can and looking to traditional toward the mosque. It

makes the world less confusing. As far as Emiratis, the people who come after the war often lack the pioneering spirit that was somewhat a part of the older expatriate community—the desire to create something new, to build their life, see for some. And as an unintended consequence of flying open Dubai's doors to the world has sometimes been a lack of understanding among new corners of local customs and culture.

Now, if there is another war, it may not be so easy for even the UAE's ample political muscle to integrate a pragmatic route that settles all as a collective. American moves this time out are seen in more political and sinister. Greater freedom of expression has brought sympathy for starving Iraqis, not support for an American-led war on terror. As the U.S. and Iraq do their high status dance, Dubai and the UAE will discover they do not—shop, make money and party—and some one else in the next move. For now, Dubai has become a place to offer a new narrative. But for all the uncertainties, it will survive—maybe even enjoy a brightening out of the limelight when it needs it.

Taranwim Kamland is an associate producer with CBC Radio 1 in the current.



Even so, after years bombed Baghdad, the UAE was making itself more open to the West



IT'S ALWAYS SOMETHING

In B.C., the premier's job comes equipped with a built-in curse

MOMMA, don't let your babies grow up to be premier. Certainly not in British Columbia, the banana peel belt of Canadian politics. Here—with the inevitability of gravity, of taxes, of winter rain—suspense landers are doomed to an ugly end, usually at their own hand.

Covering B.C. politics and business, the premiers look so dinned, happy at their ownings-up, one might at the outset. It's so though they're the only ones in the room not to know they've won a starring role in an ongoing political tragedy. Inevitably they pledge a renewal of politics, and invariably they deliver—finding deep within themselves the ample means of their own demise.

I claim with more sorrow than exaggeration to have spent nearly as much time watching the province's fallen premiers in court as I have in the legislature. Bill Bennett, premier from 1973 to 1986, was the last to survive a full term in office. Even he, in retirement, needed a good defence lawyer.

Now comes Premier 03-02569, the slender after number: Mass police gave an over-rushed Gordon Campbell after his failed date with the department's Intoxilyzer 5000. This time it was the spectacular capability of being drunk after three martinis, dinner and much wine at the Hawaiian condos of Canadian friends. But, hey, it's always something.

The breath test, which Campbell finally refused five days after rows of his arrest broke in Canada, topped out at an impressive blood-alcohol reading of 0.169. That's almost twice the legal limit, in Hawaii and B.C., of 0.08, or 80 milligrams of alcohol per 100 millilitres of blood. Mothers Against Drunk Driving estimates that amount is equal to 14 standard drinks, which explains why Campbell was apparently oblivious to his erratic driving. A Vancouver TV station dispatched a reporter to a local bar to film a hapless customer consuming an equivalent amount in martinis. Not a pretty sight.

Campbell's resulting night in jail—believed to be a firm for the leader of a so-called

Canadian government—came with the ultimate gift: a lifetime of unrepentant mayhem, given the opposition a steady campaign poem ("This man is driving the economy"). His failed vigils already spruce shins, coffee cups and barbecue aprons. Some of the powers are slated to fight provincial gun-to-health and social services—gripping, if nothing else, for his vehicles must have more out-of-pocket fuel than Campbell ever created them with.

The premier had been vacationing alone after his wife, Nancy, returned to her job in Vancouver. Back home, Campbell marked his 55th birthday on Jan. 12 with a news conference drenched in equine agony. He'd reached the pinnacle of his ambition after almost 20 years in public life, only to risk it all on a frenzied 17-km drive to his Hawaiian resort. Before an overheard throng in the Vancouver cabinet offices, he tried to explain the inexplicable: not just to B.C. voters, but to himself. And his wife, the slender staff and inscrutable at his side.

Nancy, looking every bit the school vice-principal she is, learned of her husband's arrest from media reports—as did his cousin and the rest of the province. Days later, Campbell was still at a loss to explain this massive secondary lapse in judgment. He shouldered sagely with the weight of the question. He was trying to rush back to Vancouver, he replied, to deliver the bad news in person. It was a painful lesson, one learned by previous bloodied office-holders who tried to swim with the sharks circling: gone are the days of controlling the agenda.

Row down the sanctity of his pain. His eyes welled, his voice wobbled at that first, and news conference. A yelled reference to his father—a doctor and academic whose battle with alcohol led to his suicide when Campbell was a teen—rippled at the heart. "I have experienced within my own family, in the most painful way possible, the consequences of excessive drinking," he said,

struggling for control. "And that is what makes my actions in this instance all the more disturbing and disappointing for myself and for those who love me."

Dismaying, yes, yet somehow almost tragically, inexpressibly, profound. Only the means of destruction varies from premier to premier. Glen Clark got called for building a dock; Campbell just got hammered. It was Don Miller, a delightfully forthright New Democrat, who once called the premiership the most dangerous job in the province. He should know. Miller was the circulator premier who filled the ugly war after Clark was forced from office in 1999. Soared Rita Johnston in 1995 and New Democrat Ujjal Dosanjh in 2000 also assumed

thankless roles as interim premiers. They, at least, were spared from great expectations, their scandal-plagued premiers were already destined for disaster doom.

There's no forgiving in B.C. politics. No going back. Bennett seemed, only to be changed in private life with madder trading, along with his brother Russell and her brother Brian Dorman. All three were accused of criminal charges of dumping shares, but all were sanctioned by the B.C. Securities Commission for the offence. Bill Weller, 2001 and later Clark were both forced to step down on fight criminal charges of fraud charges that they'd used the premier's office for personal gain. Both were ultimately acquitted by judges who deemed their actions foolish but not criminal. Clark, however, was found to have breached sections of the legislature's conflict-of-interest act. The Liberals could hardly conceal their glee in accusing him \$53,000—a share of the cost of the conflict probe. It was typical B.C. politics, now returning to white Campbell in the stamp.

Then there's straight arrow Mike Harcourt, forced from office in 1996. He paid

"I have experienced within my own family, in the most painful way possible, the consequences of excessive drinking"

the political price for a charity-tinged dumping scandal perpetrated by others to build an NDP slash fund. Harcourt, who survived the party debacle to become a respected provincial politician, is now reluctant to use his links after almost dying on Nov. 30 in a disastrous fall from his cottage deck.

The premier's job is not devoid of even equipped with a built-in curse. Yet Campbell is only the latest bit of damaged goods to cling tenaciously to the prize, declaring an obligation to fulfill his party's agenda. That mandate, inevitably, is the gutting of the previous government's legacy.

Campbell may pull it off. There's no obvious success in the Liberal wings, and

Campbell's helpline searches—missed shots from Mass and agonizing news conferences

no opposition capable of forming a government. Still, lingering political wounds in B.C.'s hazy climate tend to turn ugly. It's not coincidental in the aftermath of this apology offers mixed message. The public is split about who they should resign. About two-thirds and they accepted his apology. As telling, however, was a question posed (and polled for CTV) Asked whether Campbell was a "hypocrite" who would have demanded the resignation of anyone else in the circumstances, a solid 74 per cent agreed.

Campbell in opposition was a reluctant Cabinet, ruthless in his halfhearted condemnation of those falling by his standards. Campbell in power had even less time for the work and misjudged who disagreed with his mission. Now, his long-term survival requires more than his obvious contrition. It needs a sincere shift in personality: a display of the same compassion and empathy he's lacking of the electorate.

That's a tall order in B.C., where polarized political board doctrinaire leaders. The kind of premier, in short, who blows up real good.



LIGHTS OUT FOR A FORMER STAR

Allan Rock announces he won't be in the race to replace Jean Chrétien

ERESQUA, HANDSOME, smart, personable and successful, with a made-for-TV family in love—an attractive lawyer wife and four cute-as-bunnies children—Allan Rock seemed to have everything needed for a high-flying political career. And since being elected in 1993, he's spent more than nine years appreciating for the top job in three heavyweight portfolios—justice, health and industry. But somehow, the former high-priced Toronto lawyer and Law Society of Upper Canada insurance cover lined up in the heavy operations. And last week, Rock made it official, formally abandoning his dream of replacing Jean Chrétien as prime minister—and acknowledging that he didn't have the support, or the possibility of winning it, to make a credible showing against former finance minister Paul Martin. “This is not our time,” he conceded.

Will a ever come? Second acts are not uncommon in politics. Who would have thought Chrétien's second powers after being re-elected by John Turner in 1984? Turner himself had won in the wings after quitting the Liberal cabinet in 1975. And is not Martin himself the embodiment of second acts in Canada in politics? Not exactly. Rock isn't in close that door in his news conference last week. Throughout, he characterized his decision to back away from the fight as “not now” or “at this time,” before signing off with “it is goodbye.”

He sounded wistful as he said in e-mail words, given the obstacles he faces. In the short run, he must mend his relationship with Martin, the “probable successor,” as Rock described him. The rivals and their respective law firms are in a bitter feud. It started in February when Rock accused Martin of lying the sides to protect the recruitment of new party members, something the industry's Warren Kozlowski, a Rock supporter, claimed to “racial profiling” because of his perceived Rock's ability to resist such commitment for new Liberals. “The very worst kind of politics,” an angry Martin shot back. They're hardly had a kind word to say about each other since.



The industry minister said, “This is not our time,” but left the door open for later.

The two camps moved to push things up instead only following Rock's announcement. But one Martin said: “They've been friends in the past. Paul had had Rock and Debby in the firm. Paul and Sheila have been to Allan's house. The relations became strained because the dynamics of the day-to-day conversations.” With that exception over, a Rock official wanted it would be surprising if Martin failed to name “the second most significant” Liberal in the post-Chrétien government to the cabinet.

Rock would not speculate, but told Martin's: “I've worked with Paul for nine years in the cabinet, we've worked together

or closely, we put together the health budget, so there's no question I can work with any of my colleagues.” He would not say if Martin, pretty, mature colleague, because it would look opportunistic. Even if he were to find himself on the backbench, Rock insisted he would remain in national politics.

A bigger hurdle is Rock's tarnished reputation. When Turner, Chrétien and Martin failed in their initial attempts to win the leadership, they accused a number following of supporters who continued to believe the best man had lost. If from Rock's camp would say that today. They acknowledge that, at best, the senior minister has been a lackluster and even worse. While others may have been blessed with “little wins,” Allan walks around with that stigma on his pocket,” one bitterly said.

Handed the justice portfolio, he quickly established himself as the justice officer. He learned the importance of Brian Mulroney's alleged role in Air Canada's 1988 purchase of 34 Airbus jetliners—which ended up costing the government \$2 billion after the former prime minister sued and Ottawa was forced to settle, apologize and acknowledge there was no evidence of wrongdoing. As health minister, Rock was roundly criticized for letting his imperiousness to bypass C. diffusers referred by named Maud. After the Sept. 11 tragedy, he was accused of passing laws by connecting a generic manufacturer to supply Canada with anti-aircraft pills, then later rescinded the deal. He was rebuffed for hiring a private firm to supply medical marijuana, a program that has yet to be

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Ministry may be inevitable, but now Martin's left. Corp. have more agencies to run.

front. Even his advancement in Justice is overshadowed through the controversial gas refinery programme up to his face this fall when Auditor General Sheila Fraser revealed that Rock's own estimate of \$1 billion for setting up the refinery and installing it would turn out to be almost \$2 billion off target.

To his credit, Rock did not attempt to evade responsibility last week. “I didn't go into politics to pass the time. I want to make a difference, I wanted to be seen,” he explained. “Have I made mistakes? Yes. I've not forgotten.” To keep a senior portfolio under Martin, as has an opportunity for a second chance at the top spot, he must remain in the game and play better defense, said one

close supporter. “He has the opportunity now to regroup and be a solid minister—then you know what may happen?”

The crystal ball is clearer for the Liberal party. Locally, Rock's acknowledgment of Martin's unpopularity gives other opponents momentum, not to mention the caucus. The biggest beneficiary is Heritage Minister Sheila Copps, who is expected to announce soon. In the last campaign, she placed third and fourth before any announcement. With two ideological soulmates—Rock and Brian Tobin, the previous industry minister who called it quits a year ago at the running, she inherits the core left wing of the party. Copps could see her ground in a speech to the Vancouver Board of Trade last week, saying the women in politics get order equality for Liberal party candidates within one election, recognize gay marriage and chronically boost funding for post-secondary education.

The pressure will also increase for Women Minister Marlene Ostry as she enters the party's race to replace a race and the Ottawa MP, who also serves as deputy prime minister, is the only cabinet member who is left. Her name is not of God, he worth wins, but there may be enough anti-Martin Liberalism in the house to turn her name into a referendum. Rock's chance of becoming a shadow minister in the prospect of winning between 25 and 30 per cent of delegates at the Nov. 12-15 convention, and in the period ahead, Martin may be able to achieve an impossible outcome. “I think we'll witness some of Rock's supporters and supporters,” Martin said. “My friends are not grinning and they're raising their hands and they're cheering support around the country, and nothing today has happened that would change my opinion.”

Others were also cheering the leadership succession last week. Justice Minister Martin Cauchon and Natural Resources Minister Herb Dhondt may either emerge as potential candidates from Quebec and British Columbia respectively. In the end, the convention may throw the usual battle and has the, although the result may be predictable. “Sheila will run because nobody else will step back from running,” said one Liberal. For Martin, it's about positioning. He'll likely conclude he's better off volunteering for the good of the party. But as for Rock, last week the lights went out for a no of the party's already bright stars—just as for good. ■



'AN ARDUOUS JOURNEY'

Family and friends of the missing gather for the Pickton preliminary hearing

DANEN SARGENT, 15 years a resident of Port Coquitlam, B.C., arrives at the city's provincial court last week looking anxious. "I have my suspicions about a lot of things," she says. It's the second day of the slow, faltering start to the preliminary hearing of pig farmer Robert (Willie) Pickton, accused of murdering 15 women. Sargent lives in the south end of PoCo, at this address some 40 minutes' drive east of Vancouver as known. She says passionately that the Pickton family farm on Dunsmuir Avenue—the site of a notorious Vancouver Inco case—has the largest solid murder case in the other side of the diagonal slash of C.P. Rail yard that divides the city. "I never felt good going over to that north side, and I never knew why," she says. "Maybe that's why."

Sargent is originally from Regina, where she was a friend of Lisa Dumbos, one of 15 women on the official list of those missing from Vancouver's Downtown Eastside. Most of the murdered and the missing, like Dumbos, had drug addictions by working in the sex trade. It's a nightmare, risk-filled existence Dumbos vanished about 1994, though she wasn't reported missing until 1998. She's never been found, and she isn't among the women Pickton is accused of killing. Sargent acknowledges that she's surprised if the local sex-trade yields answers about Dumbos's disappearance so many years ago. "The biggest thing that I wish for is to find out what she's really going on," she says. "I just believe that there's more people involved."

Rumors abound, but the public's need for answers won't be satisfied any time soon. The hearing, before Provincial Court Judge David Stone, unfolds on the morning. It has done the curious, friends and families of the missing, and thousands of reporters to the 180-seat courtroom. Accused under probation, awaiting details of the proceedings, to prevent news of the case from reaching potential jurors if the case goes to trial.

Enforcing the publication ban is an 18-year-old age and in the face of intense international interest is a daunting challenge. The hearing is delayed on the second day



Canadian and international reporters outside the Port Coquitlam court house

after both Crown prosecutor Michael Preece and defence lawyer Peter Stobbe complain that Crown evidence was reported by the *Sunday Times*, by the *Associated Press*—which distributes news around the world—and on the Web sites of Seattle television stations. They also condemn some Canadian news outlets, primarily for violating the spirit of the ban by providing what Preece calls "a road map" to stories on the Internet.

Still, Stone categorically rejects a defence suggestion that the hearing be closed to all members of the public. But late on the third day of the hearing he puts a notice on the courtroom door restraining the publication ban. Reporters will be barred, Stone states, for further publication, broadcast, or Internet display of the evidence, or even how

the evidence was obtained or is presented in court. They could also face up to two years in jail for violating a court order. By then, most U.S. reporters have returned home. "It's not worth going to jail for," declared one from Seattle's KIRO-TV.

As the Crown builds its case, reporters also ignore notes for future reference, and begin to decipher the limited repertoire of facial expressions of the 55-year-old Pickton. He sits inside a bulletproof glass enclosure, the worst designed one ever approved of in a public appearance. He is clean-shaven, and freely scribbled. His look, strong but rough as below his collar. The scars far more ragged than in past court proceedings, where he often seemed obedient and shy. He writes notes on a yellow legal pad or a few pages of manuscript. Occasionally, a grin shows across his sharp features.

There are occasional gestures of distress

from family members of the missing women, but most are hushed for worse to come Ernie Grey, whose sister Dawn is among the missing but not among the alleged murder victims, has attended many of the proceedings. He feels an obligation, he says, not only because of his sister, but because his family have fought hard to get this far. Three years ago, the police knew little about the fate of the scores of women who had worked Vancouver's streets. "We wondered all along who they would be going against to justice," he says. "It's been an arduous journey to this point."

Toronto journalist Steve Cameron is tracking the trial for forthcoming book—one of several being written about the murders. One season Cameron, whose previous books have been about politics and white-collar crime, was associated with the project is the unlikely cast who overcome years of official indifference to force the issue onto the public and judicial agendas. "In this story there are lots of heroes, lots of amazing people," she says. Among them she cites Vancouver Mayor Larry Campbell, a former crusader



Written, in a bulletproof glass booth, appears clean-shaven and freely scribbled

ing the formation of B.C. workers and cops in the Downtown Eastside, like outspoken advocate Rev. Ruth Wright of the First United Church, family members of the missing, and many of the street women themselves. "Everywhere I turn," Cameron says, "there are people who tried to make a difference."

For the family members there is some comfort in knowing the search for answers has formally opened on a second front—in a Port Coquitlam courtroom. The focal point, until now, has been far from the

downtown courthouse, across the tracks on Dunsmuir Avenue. There, at the Pickton farm, the slow grind of justice is not a quiet legal question but a literal truth. Teams of investigators, heavy equipment operators, forensic scientists and archaeologists unearthing dig and shift and sort huge mounds of fill that cover of earth flow off conveyor to be sifted for evidence and human remains—a still, relentless search that started last Feb. Mary and may continue for most of 2003.

On the day before the hearing began, a paper service was held in the longhouse of the nearby Kame First Nation for investigators and loved ones of the missing, many of whom were of Aboriginal ancestry. "Our spiritual folks had teachings for them and prayers for them, words of encouragement for them," says Grey, who is from the Sto:lo First Nation. He says he was especially touched that 40 of the archaeologists working the farm attended the service. "I think we were young gentlemen and the ladies were young women in their 20s," Grey says with a gentle smile. "Something about that attack race being right."

More than the game...the whole story

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TURNING OLD BOOKS INTO GOLD

Victoria's Abebooks is a global success on the Net, writes KEN MACQUEEN

FOR \$53,760, you can own a 1951 copy of *The Catcher in the Rye*, signed by the reclusive author J.D. Salinger himself. If that seems steep, consider the taking price for 1936 galley proofs of Margaret Mitchell's *Gone With the Wind*—you're \$136,250. Win some cheap money, you can. Or offer among the 40 million titles at Abebooks of Victoria—what bills itself as “the world’s largest marketplace for second-hand, rare and out-of-print books”—are 13,474 copies of Hardy Boys mysteries, a pipsqueak for generations of young readers. A well-thumbed copy of *The Tower Treasure* goes for \$1.54. But some first editions, 1927 could set you back \$4,300.

There’s gold in old books, as any collector can tell you. The challenge was matching buyer and seller—a quaintly inefficient process that used to involve praying for the right customer to walk into the shop, and creative advertising in trade publications and book catalogs. No more. In six years Abebooks has built itself into a world power

by running the Internet into a global book bazaar. Some one million customers is listed; used Abebooks, annually spending \$75 million to \$100 million. Computers have yet to fully take the printed word, but they’ve profoundly changed how those words are sold.

For founder Keith Waters, the “great aha” came in 1995, as the B.C. government systems analyst reduced a mind-boggling briefing about a computer project. He raved out the raving-to-dwell on a problem that afforded his programmer’s sensibility: the inefficiency sawing him his wife Cathy faced finding out-of-print titles for customers at her suburban Victoria-based book store. “Bang, it just went off in my head,” says Waters. Why not use the Net to sell, search and sell used books on line? “I never either thinking, this is a really good idea, I’m never going to forget this moment, and it’s going to change everything.” By 1996, Waters and

Waters’ De’L James and Peter Conder; prices for two titles signed by their authors

partner Rick Peralta transformed Waters’ notebook doodle into Ad-Verted Book Exchange, now known as Abebooks. It is the next of bests, a Canadian-based, consistently profitable dot-com.

Type www.abebooks.com into a computer and a virtual door opens into the shops of 10,000 dealers from 42 countries selling more than 40 million titles. Research engine is additive. The n’ BookSearch, where fellow readers will divine a forgotten title from your e-mailed clues. Or yowee, browse-and-dream. Wouldn’t a set of Charles Dickens’ first edition look like in the study, should a wise benefactor have to spare \$132,400, plus shipping from Los Angeles?

Open the door to Abebooks headquarters in a Victoria office park, by contrast, and the old saw about not judging books by their covers rings true. There’s none of the dusty chains, crinkling fibers and away-backed shelves of a used-book shop. Abebooks, in fact, doesn’t have many books at all. Instead, there’s an array of computer

The Solids Women



\$1,150



\$215



first was an early convert to the Abebooks system, others for two U.S. first editions

the city’s most established used and antique dealers. First owner Jet Best is sitting in a Whitehorse office as glumly cluttered with books there in barely room to open her laptop, a tool she considers now essential. “We had just established in our basement area when Abebooks came calling in 1996. “But I was one going to a home page,” Best says. “We were just the little store in the little town, right?”

The Internet now accounts for about 20 percent of the store’s sales, nearly through the reach of Abebooks. Foreign language titles that might never sell in Victoria have gone to customers half a world away. Anonymous books that languished in the basement also found buyers. Best is glad this afternoon. She acquired a 1,000-volume collection of Tolkien’s complete works with giddy thrills. It’s almost too good to offer on the Internet, she says. It’s the kind of images that can draw well on customers to the store.

For better or worse, though, Abebooks has freed some sellers from the need for a massive presence. About two-thirds of its dealers have home-based collections. John and Susan West closed their Tully Bookshop in Belleville, Ont., this year after signing on with Abebooks. As each day they enjoyed their shop, with its 40,000 titles, the business changed dramatically in 15 years.

The walk-in trade among serious buyers dropped sharply, says John. “The reason, quite simply, was because people were doing their shopping online.” The Wests now operate from their home in nearby Port Hope, but the business is vibrant. About 75 percent of their Internet sales are to the U.S. Obscure books are no longer a daily liability. A name from the 1840s on moribund novels took months in the U.S. found a buyer in Poland. “When would you market, says West. “It’s more speeded, the better.”

There are three computer can’t replace: the pure of a bookstore, the feel of a volume, the thrill of an unexpected find, the thrill of a new and old, in a shop the books themselves are beautiful. John West isn’t one to blame Abebooks for the disappearance of such shops. “They’re not a cause,” he says. “They’re a symptom. I suppose, of the way people like to shop these days.” The method of sale may change, he says, “but books are here forever.” ■

“We never got caught up in the dot-com craze,” says James. “We’re profitable because we’ve been cautious.”



RE-SLICING THE PIE

The world has reached a turning point, and America's golden age is ending

IF YOUR PERSONAL wealth is invested in gold and oil stocks, you might well assume you are profiting from a surge in inflation.

If your personal wealth is invested in income trusts and bond funds, you might well assume you are profiting from a surge in deflation.

If your personal wealth is invested in real estate, you might well be profiting, but the increasing income-generative gain inflation is coming back strongly.

What's happening? Is the deflation from Japan, that mutated in China into an epidemic, heralding a global glaciation? Or do we face a return of 1970s-style stagflation? And what should investors do with their savings?

A good way to start is to think about pie. A great big one: the global economy—how it grows, and how it should. It sure expands every year, spectacularly, impressively, but even in high years it does manage to grow to double-digit numbers, but for our purposes what matters is two things: open economies, and strong producers.

When by country, the U.S. has enjoyed the biggest part, ever since the First World War (in the production pie, the one we see divided between primary producers on the one hand—farmers, miners, oil and gas companies and loggers—and finished goods and services suppliers on the other. Primary producers have been steadily losing their slice of the urban life, but occasionally their regions awaken from torpor, as in forestry operations and when collar workers

When something has gone on for generations—or even decades—most people come to think the pattern is permanent. Investment rules and rewards come when lay targets arrive—either in terms of major changes in the growth rate of the total pie, or in terms of the relative growth rates of the various slices. We are in one of those periods. The pies are being divided differently, and this new method of apportionment looks to be no more dry of the last.

Over the past decade, the country by

country sharing of the global economic pie has begun a historic shift: growth in the U.S. share has stalled, Japan's share has shrunk, Mexico and Canada have been gaining, the euro zone has been declining, and China and, to a lesser extent, South Korea have been eating everybody else's lunch.

How do economists calculate these national shares of the world economy? By using each country's GDP data as calculated in the U.S. own currencies, then converting them into U.S. dollars. That means a country whose GDP grew low per cent, but whose currency fell against the greenback by five per cent, lost its share of the global economic pie, even though its internal growth rate was above the average for the world. (There is another method—purchasing power parity—that tries to adjust for currency devaluations, but it's subject to its many cautions that it's hard to get agreement on how the data are prepared. The Economist publishes the best-known such formula, in the Big Mac index, which adjusts data worldwide according to the local price for a McDonald's Big Mac; this seems what cheery index has done for better than McDonald's itself, whose stock has begun to make year lows.)

Picking up the production totals, the primary producers' share of the global pie grew during the stagflationary 1970s, but shrank thereafter for two decades, once the Reagan and Thatcher reforms choked inflation and spurred real growth. Commodities lost share as the industrial world boomed, with growth coming in industries such as computing, health care, financial services and leisure—services with negligible basic materials costs.

The 19th century was Britain's; the 20th America's. It looks more and more as if this one will be East Asia's, led by China.

The new century has brought booms in economies like China's that are moving from Third World to second-world—meaning big growth in commodity consumption—while the industrial world has struggled with recessions and slow growth. The past year has seen a remarkable surge in commodity prices. In previous cycles, such price gains triggered peripheral inflation, but not this time, because primary products—other than oil and gas—have such small shares of total economic output.

The 19th century was Britain's, the 20th America's. It looks more and more as if this one will be East Asia's, led by China and (if the socialist North leaves it alone) South Korea. That means the U.S. dollar will, at some point, cease to be the global store of value. It also means the current greenback-based best market is a forerunner of bigger problems ahead.

When Britain's long rule of the waves was ending, shrewd investors bought gold and gold-mining shares and also loaded up on U.S. stocks. Investing in Chinese stocks is difficult and, in many cases, downright hazardous, so one can't easily mimic the strategies of the early 1920s. But one can invest in companies that produce what China buys, such as commodities, and in foreign companies operating profitably in China.

The heavily indebted U.S. (and itself forced into the role of global policeman, with the debts getting better-smelled and more dangerous. Countries that owe their existence to American willingness to sustain its blood and treasure on their behalf are now not only unwilling to help, but are some of America's most vocal critics. With geopolitical risk the highest since the Cold War, the U.S. dollar—for so long a haven in times of trouble—is actually sliding. The Halimians: "Day that didn't back" says the dollar's game is up.

The American Age won't end suddenly, because the U.S. is so dynamic, democratic, and adaptable. But attention should be reducing their exposure to the U.S., reducing their exposure to 1990s-style growth stocks, and getting back to basics—commodities (particularly gold and hydrocarbons) and dividends—the most opposites of the wealth-building process during the Golden Age of American Growth. That's counter back. ■

Donald Cox is chairman of Priority Investment Management in Chicago and of Toronto-based Arco Asset Management. donald@arcoinvest.com

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CITY OF VIGNETTES

It's like a jazz medley, but nothing quite fits

HE WANTS TO SHOW ME where the street changes names, so we walk down Avenue to see the intersection of Avenue Duane first hand. And sure enough, here it is: water, René Lévesque Boulevard vanishes, emerging on the other side in Dorchester, a wonderful jarring trick that only hints at the deep historic cracks that lie just below the surface.

When the name of Dorchester Boulevard was changed from that of a long-dead British governor to that of an equally dead separatist premier, the city of Westmount—a bastion of English culture and through whose boarders the boulevard, just coincidentally, happened to pass—refused to yield. And this invisible barrier running down the middle of Avenue has become a de facto demarcation line between Montreal's colonial past and its national aspirations.

Avenue may not be one of the great dividers of Canadian urban reality, but you would at least wish to find your homeland and its Anglican folk and children's language. Nothing really changes when you cross, and yet, everything does. It is as subtle as a change in the shape of the street signs, as profound as the divided loyalties of a city, and a country—both upon their lines with us here.

I can charm the rain and fall of Quebec's old neo-classical style by the look of my brother's eye. When times are good and separation is in remission, he has a certain calm pyro-brooding on distant—when he speaks about his adopted city. "I love Montreal," he says, and he means it.

However, when the separation is the burning Second Cup coffee dripping behind him in the morning, he is to drop the anglo-passive into the anglo-passive "War of the Anglophones" (the only such civil war ever waged over pronunciation, I believe), when the thematic reaches its peak and the arguments grow so volatile as they are repeated—on days like this, living in Montreal can be worrisome. "I love Montreal," he

says, but now it seems less an exclamation than a statement, as though he is trying to convince himself as much as anyone.

"There are good days, and there are bad," he says. "There are days when this city grinds down on you and all you can think of is escape. And then, you still have a moment—a Montreal moment—and you will realize that there is nowhere else on earth you would rather be."

Imagine a city, a great city, laid out on a carefully checkerboard square. A city straight, divided, and defined by means of language, race, and money. Here, in the west, the old moneyed respect of Jewish merchants—children of the Raj who never went native. Here the Jewish enclave, a presence almost as old as that of the English. In smaller circles, a pocket of Portuguese, a generous helping of Italians, a full scoop of Italian.

And everywhere else, filling the gaps, the French. The French who first built the city, who first claimed the island, and who now own it back.

Block this city with national patterns and precise social boundaries. Now, turn it upside down and give it two or three good whacks. Look again. What you have is a jumbled mass of contradictions, where nothing quite fits, and nothing quite makes sense. What you have is Montreal.

Trying to understand Montreal is a bit like trying to understand an eye. It should be another Berlin, but it isn't. It could have been another Paris, but it wasn't.

As the second largest French-speaking city in the world, Montreal is the centre of French culture on the continent, and yet it

is a distinctly North American—almost American—city. It is Old World and New Canadian and Canadian. Neither fish nor fowl, but a bit of both.

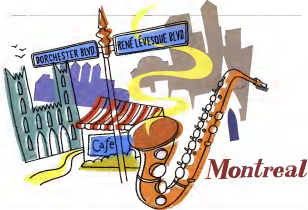
When I truly get the logic of my life order, when I take stock of my possessions, squandered and longed for, I am forever grateful to the gods of happenstance for one particular thing. I was 19 in Montreal. A better age for the city cannot be imagined. As a kid from small-town Alberta, I spent my 19th summer in a volunteer work conservation camp crew just north of the city and I continued to spend as much time in Montreal every work schedule and spare hand would allow.

I remember Montreal as a giant pinball machine, all light and sound and motion. It is one of the oldest cities in Canada; it is also one of the youngest.

My brother—Alberta-born and backwoods raised, just as I was—has been in Montreal for 15, 16, 17. He considers it 20 years already. He went to the city to study music. McGill, he received his doctorate and is now again a faculty member in the school of music. My brother is bilingual now—the only truly French-speaking Ferguson son (brother of the star never produced)—and his work as a composer or his taken him into the folds of Quebec's francophone music scene. I thought he flew between two languages and two worlds, he is still not "all the French." And he never will be. "Basically, I am an allophone whose first language is English," he says with a smile.

No matter how well I speak French, I will never be Quebecois, because I don't share the same cultural references that people who were born here do. I didn't grow up watching the same TV shows or listen to the same music that they did.

My brother sometimes stumbles over words in his first language, graying through French for the correct term in his native English. Like *Anglo-Montrealien* everywhere he uses the verb "passer" far too much ("we'll pass by a department on the way back"). He



is neither fish nor fowl, but a bit of both.

My brother and I walk the streets of Montreal, among the various enclaves and outposts, and after several days of this, I am more baffled than enlightened. The scribble of languages I write to myself on the hand-drawn maps my brother gives me aren't much help. *Chic*, *Saint-Law*, *Anglo*, *Jewish*, *rock*. The Platonic good coffee, young artist *Montreal Village*, where she arrives go after they have left.

The streets are slick with rain and the alleyways are dark. Music spills out of the doorways. As the streets and sounds make city noise around us, we walk "The Main," St. Laurent Boulevard, a traditional divide between the French city and the English, before the foundation began to crumble. It is the main street of five, emergent expert cities, a multiethnic, multicultural mix that took root here from the notion of multiculturalism was even invented.

Down St. Catherine Street with its fancy shops and burger joints, past its squalid, peep shows and its string-baited teenagers looking for handouts. On St. Catherine, upscale boutiques and maternity shops just

to the northwest with establishments carrying names like *La Mode du Sexe* and *Club Super Sexe*. Confused? So is Montreal.

At times, it seems like a city where a just melody, a series of notes made up of walk along, includes that humble, from one to the next without a moment's rest to follow. A city that gives a lot of *disparate* clues.

Years ago, during the Montreal International Jazz Festival, I once saw a saxophone player blowing on a rainy night, huddled in a shop doorway as he roared out a tune between a deep downpour down on an unyielding pavement. A trail of rain was trailing out of his saxophone as though the music itself had taken on a tangible form. Even today, even tonight, when I think of Montreal I imagine a city to smoke from a saxophone.

We end our rambling tour of the city at the Grand Dixie of Avenue looking across at Westmount, a noisy, indefinable, fashionable Westmount that would (if it were) without-city that is now a part of the city, but also apart from it. Westmount is with us all in spirit, even if the PQ thought they could legislate it out of existence. And for one

moment, one city, one singer of Montreal with its 27 suburbs, ironically, only succeeded in increasing the number of times with a note. No high-brow hands are here, though, though that is certainly true, they multiply with a certain *Southern's* *Apprentice* like determination.

The more you try to reduce Montreal to a single reality, the more it seems to slip free and slide away. It's enough to make your head spin, enough to make you long for a master plan, a single comprehensive view of the city, a panorama that encompasses and contains everything you need to know. But there is no panorama. There isn't even much of a view.

Montreal has no discernible skyline and not much of a shape. In fact, one of the great unmet needs in that Montreal—God help me, it is not an attractive place. It may be beguiling and fashionable and bizarre, it may have some *je ne sais quoi*, but in and of itself, it is not an attractive city. That so many people hold the dogged belief that it is an attractive city—all outward evidence to the contrary—is perhaps best explained in terms of a willful waiver.

men of *déshonneur*. Ah, but the Emperor has no clothes, and Montreal may be one, but it is not pretty.

The acclaimed travel writer Jas Morris discovered this during a cross-Canada trip. "One of the anomalies of Montreal is that it is not very beautiful, it ought to be, but isn't." Even the more fashionable areas, such as Concord and St. Denis, had, she noted, "a sorry, makeshift look to them."

Montreal has a reputation, but very little worth going down upon. The skyline, as noted, is nondescript. (How many people could honestly recognize a photograph of Montreal? Unlike, say, Vancouver or Toronto or Quebec City or Ottawa, whose profiles are both handsome and distinct.) The bar view in Montreal is away from the city, toward the wooded hills of Mont-Royal.

The former Beignets "casse" with its phony narrows and Disney Gothic facade might be fine as a folly on a rich man's estate, but plunked down on St. Etienne it looks silly beyond compare. Buildings such as the Chinese Consulate have lost its staccato pattern of half-closed windows—

**It may have savoir faire
and je ne sais quoi, but
the unstated truth is that
Montreal—God help me
—is not an attractive place**

called the "chance grille" by locals—seems to have been put up at random, with neither rhyme nor reason, nor any concern for context. In the oldest section of town, facing Notre-Dame Basilica—such a beautiful, so magnificent, that its Protestant Irish architect converted to Catholicism before he died just to be buried under its floor—right across the street from the national museum is a big black obelisk office tower, looking like a monolithic slab from 200 A.D. Space Odyssey that has somehow lost its way.

Then squares, centuries old, have been paved over at parking lots. Expressways have been elevated at every corner of the word—and now snarl through historic neighborhoods without regard for the immediate surroundings, sometimes slipping right past church towers. The shattering be-

hind this, and if Montreal itself is most cities though rarely with the vigour of Montreal, is something of a modern museum cars now take precedence over people. Why this should be has never been explained, but there is an air of thoughtless self-judging, even in this, the City of Churches.

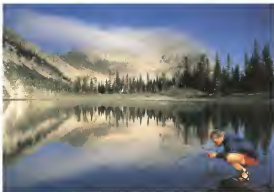
Mark Twain, that old skeptic, was quite glibbed by Montreal because, in his words, "You can't throw a brick without breaking a church window." There would be a hard time of it today. Church windows are lost behind billboards and fast-food outlets, left to sink slowly out of sight like a coin into compost.

At once devout and glib, secular and agnostic, Montreal is a sacrament of both wine and the flesh. It is energized by opposites, an island unto itself but more than that, Montreal is a city of vignettes. A city that flirts back, that talks back. The only way to see Montreal, I have discovered, is while in motion. It is not meant to be looked up at, nor down upon, it is meant to be walked through. As for Morris himself, some to realize, it is not a city of panoramas, but of corners. The once stately architecture may have been charmed into near oblivion—and that is just one of the city's many sins—but there are other sides to Montreal.

Come down from the mountain, up onto the hillside, high rise, and turn instead to the residential areas, with their Victorian houses, row houses, rowing the curb, and their wrought-iron staircases that spiral up to second and third floor flats. These rowing buildings, so distinct in Montreal, were built along the same type of ribbon-like property lines first established during the French regime. Building thick and deep, landlocked, their houses close to the street as they could. The stairs were then put on the outside to save space.

So these stairways, these beautiful stairways, though they seem to have been carved partly for aesthetic appeal, are actually walking about in an attempt to stay within property lines. It is a beautiful form of necessity. Like a transplant whose roots assume the shape of the container it has been placed in, these stairways twist and turn to take on the shape of the invisible boundaries that surround them. And the city that contains them.

Will Ferguson is the author of *Wish at Tenage* (Bantam), a travel memoir that includes his time volunteering north of Montreal.



YELLOWSTONE TO YUKON

A proposed 3,400-km wildlife corridor stirs up passions—for and against

ON ONE OF THE FINAL LEGS of his 3,400 km trek between Wyoming's Yellowstone National Park and Western Lake, Yukon, Kenan Huser reached helplessly to his travelling companion and fellow wild, Louise Allison, struggled to follow him across the charming, bone-chilling Alsea River in the northern B.C. Rockies. Allison had been told to wait only halfway across when the drift put the point where Huser knew the power of rapids maddeningly her pace, jagged canyon—risking serious injury and perhaps death. "It was my best bet then," Huser would later write, "and it was mine this responsibility that twisted my heart." At last, Allison escaped the river's grip and, after a few rest moments, looked back toward enough to break the surface of the water and land on shore. "That's it," she

muttered as Huser hugged and kissed her, "that's my bet."

For Huser, the drama on the river provoked more and more passion about the expedition's undertone in support of an ambitious proposal to carve out a conservation corridor from Yellowstone to the Yukon. It was one thing to put his own life on the line, hiking, skiing and canoeing through wilderness where ferocious storms, the threat of avalanches and a countless web of grizzly bears were an almost daily life. It was quite another to put those he loved at risk. Ken Allison, 34, who lives near Huser, also 34, in kindergarten in Calgary, explains his mission—and his bet: Saving Huser's

Huser's friends up to Great Lake in British Columbia's Marshall Wilderness Area, Montana

passion for what is often dubbed the YYY initiative, Allison joined him in 1999 for the most perilous part of the trip, from Jasper National Park west toward Alberta to northernmost British Columbia. This spring, the Calgary-based couple will embark on a similar adventure, following the migration route of the 120,000 strong Forcipia caribou herd from central Yukon to southwestern Alaska.

As with YYY, the motive for the coming trip is to raise public awareness—this time about President George Bush's stated desire to lift the prohibition on drilling for oil in the carbon/oil-rich Alaskan oil fields near the Arctic Ocean. And once again, Huser and Allison will hike and ski for over 3,000 km along potentially treacherous terrain. "Accepting physical risks is all part of it,"



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Weyerhaeuser and Allison carefully ski along Moose River canyon in B.C., canoeing below Kinross Falls in B.C.'s Mackenzie Provincial Park.

explains Allison. "Otherwise you become privileged by fear."

As Hauer recounts in his recently published book, *Following the Big Wolf*, from his discovery to the Yukon as the Grizzly Bears' Trail, fear is a frequent companion when you venture into the untamed spaces that still exist on the edges of modern society. A wildlife biologist who works in a national park nearby as Banff National Park and Inverness National Park in the northwest corner of the Yukon, Hauer was supposed to do his task after learning about the Y2Y initiative, which was first proposed in the early 1990s. It has since evolved into a binational campaign involving over 340 conservation organizations. The idea behind Y2Y is that while roaming predators at the top of the food chain, such as bears, wolves and wolverines, require extremely large habitats for example, scientists estimate that, for grizzlies to thrive, at least 2,000 individual bears must be able to interact to avoid inbreeding and to absorb and recover from food shortages, disease and disturbances like fire. To sustain that number of grizzlies, they say, would require more than 120,000 sq km of land—an area 20 times the size of Banff National Park.

Setting aside that amount of land is an arduous, so conservationists propose a series of corridors linking existing parks and wilderness areas. Working to the north on Yukon, the core consists of the 1.2-million sq km expanse of the Y2Y study area, that

meandering stretch of passageways up to 50 km in width through which animals can, in effect, move from one wilderness island to another. Already, though, development pressures are again like the flow valley, near Banff, Alta., have choked off such routes.

Hauer wanted to experience the terrain first-hand and draw attention to the Y2Y vision. On June 6, 1996, he set out from his hometown of Minneapolis Hot Springs in the company of his former girlfriend, Melissa Achard, and his teenage six-year-old best friend, Webster. The plan called for 170 km of canoeing in an 18-month period through the Rocky, Columbia and Mackenzie mountain ranges. Most of the trip was to be on foot, but there would also be 400 km of skiing, 500 km of paddling, and 50 km of horseback riding. There were, as well, several stops at communities along the way to present the Y2Y vision through town hall meetings and talking to the media.

Unhappy, the stress of planning the trip left Hauer and Allison barely sleeping. Their bickering only intensified on the trail and, after about 300 km, Achard

put it out. Hauer and Webster continued on their own, after which Hauer knew he needed human companions for the tricky and demanding overgrowth lay ahead. Two old friends, Jay Hesterman and Allison, joined him for the last push to the Yukon.

Early on, Hauer decided to rely as greatly as he could on the trail to the wilderness. To his surprise, he found that evidence of the bears, including signs and paw prints, along 60 per cent of the route. There were also several sightings of the dogs and moose. At one point, a 380 lb grizzly walked within 10 m of Hauer, who was terrified and not a grumpy Webster wasn't back and the bear passed by his project were rewarded. At another, he became aware a black bear was stalking him, as if looking for an easy meal. With only a creek separating him and the bear, Hauer unleashed a torrent of screams and loudly made radio noise about the bear. One by one, the bear, standing the usual way, "After five minutes," would hear, "I could hear the creek over the sound of my heart beat again and, assuming my voice rose, showed my way back to camp."

At other times, Hauer and Allison traveled along avalanche zones, over some of the apocalyptic that could arise at any minute. "I feel small on these slopes," Hauer later wrote in his journal, "looking up, always looking up, waiting for the world to come crashing down. All around us are reminders

of the danger we court, places where the debris from past avalanches lies in jumbles of broken trees and chunks of ice and snow. It's impossible to get across such devastation on foot, and so we crawl around them on all fours, hunching as fast as we can."

A few miles later, the snow lay gone, Hauer and Allison faced a difficult challenge—swarms of bugs so intense that even headlamps, large pants and thick-soled shoes couldn't protect them. "This evening," Hauer wrote in his journal, "the on my back there was a wasp on the right a roof of the mosquito after mosquito into its tiny mouth. It makes me so happy I can't help but wonder if I'm already going a little crazy."

Overall, Hauer was impressed by how much of the Y2Y area remained wild. Greatly the proposed corridor, he says, has no one to do with preserving what exists and restoring and enhancing land. But there are some stark warnings. Perhaps the worst, says Hauer, is the Crown Point Park region of southwestern Alberta and southeastern British Columbia, where a power risk of logging, logging, mining and oil and gas development is putting wildlife on the run.

Not surprisingly, the Y2Y concept has met with vigorous opposition from mining and power companies in the region. During the campaign, Hauer had to contend with a major campaign by the K.C. Forest Alliance, a lobby group funded by the logging industry. Among other things, the alliance claimed the Y2Y initiative would result in the loss of 80,000 jobs and a \$3.4 billion in provincial gross domestic product annually. Hauer says such figures are based on the assumption that Y2Y means the creation of a huge 1.2-million sq km park, instead of a massive network covering only a fraction of that. Which one would be the most difficult economic impact, Hauer maintains that, with proper planning and foresight, resource, tourism, human activity and wildlife can all co-exist.

For Hauer and Allison, the Y2Y trek was an effort of the heart in more ways than one. The trip confirmed they weren't really friends, the couple and the hill. With the upcoming expedition to Alaska, which Allison intends to document on film and Hauer hopes to recount in another book, they are taking their partnership to the next level. "It took this small privilege to be able to work on projects like this," observes Allison. "And I think we've just scratched the surface." ■

INTERNET GUIDE

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'SEND THEM LOTS OF CANDY'

CBC's latest comedy star trashes U.S. television and solves the Iraq problem

SEAN CULLEN, comedian, vocalist and food connoisseur, first made his name during 11 years as the comely trencher with Candy and the Juice Pigs. No cow was too sacred to be joked by the risqué-haired stage roofer, grinning, winging comics, round ed out by Phil Nichol and Greg Niels. But in 1999 the Pigs disbanded, and the Peterborough, Ont.-born Cullen, 37, took a solo act at comedy shows there, he's appeared on a range of U.S. programs, including *The Ellen Show* and *The Tonight Show with Jay Leno*. A two-year stint co-writing scripts for CBS failed to get him the TV pilot he had wanted. Cullen popped off 2001 by host-ing the *Genius Award* for television achievement, and now he's the star of *The Sean Cullen Show*, a midday CBC TV variety program that began a six-week run last week. Associate Editor Danyla Hrudnitska sat down with Cullen to explore the roots of his comedy.

What were you like as a kid?

I was much smaller than I am now, and I had a bigger head. Ha, I was really tiny! I wasn't the class clown, like my brother.

Your new show is set on a stage designed to be your home. There's a small guy who lives in your collar, a meat-love-houndkeeper, an idiosyncratic disc-to-disc converter, an inter-tactile clerk, and a next-door neighbor bent on ruining your life. What does all this say about your life growing up?

It says that I watched a lot of television. Most of the stuff that we've done on for these characters is in homage to television. It's got elements of the familiar that have been skewed in strange ways.

So where does the ode to pornography in your first episode fit in?

There's a variety element to the show in the old times there'd be some kind of silly, happy song, so I thought we'd want it. No bodyparts on odd-to-pornography—and it's probably a big part of a lot of people's lives.

Other cast members include two critics in the audience who interrupt you. The first thing they say about the show is, "This thing sucks." What did critics ever do to you?

Nothing! I just thought I would defuse people's criticisms of the show by having critics there as the first thing.

What were you expecting?

I know it's a weird show, and I thought it would be good to have someone whose audience would identify with, who would say, before it got too weird, "That is weird," so they know I know that that is weird.

Your second episode features a salesman that grabs your clothes, but at the end of a figure skater exploding, somewhere in the world.

What have you got against figure skaters?

I have nothing against figure skaters. There are the least offensive people in the world, and I thought they should suffer the most.

Did you pull the legs off insects as a kid?

Only figure skaters, my figure skaters that I had built out of wax.

Are you still involved with CBS?

That's done now. CBS is a very conservative network. Thanks to an agent, IWS, while in *Travis Ranger*. Generally, that's not me.

What is you?

Nic Wilson, *Travis Ranger*. When I was asked to "come up with a show," I made up being "I'll be going to make an imaginative, interesting show that I can call to CBS?" And then we turn on the TV and CBS is showing *Madagascar*. Who thought of that? I mean, who didn't think of that, even today. It's just a guy in a cowboy hat who kills people. I was trying too hard, I think, or I was maybe too creative that that network. It's kind of soul-destroying.

What's the difference between writing for an American audience and a Canadian one?

I'd like to say not much, but I think Can-

adians are better still, they grasp absurdity a lot more—they embrace it. Shows follow a very single format in America. Canadians, I think, are willing to go out on a limb with you a little further.

In one of the scripts we wrote for CBS, I played a priest who was brought from a monastery where I trained dogs I moved to Boston to work on an urban parish. Just as soon as we said, "Here's a priest," they said, "No, I don't think so. I don't think we're going to see anything on TV." And we said, "Well, why? It's a job like any other, you know?" To *Travis Ranger*, you have angels coming in. How is that not weirder than actual human beings? But no, it was just not an option. That was a bit depressing.

Are there things you feel about about being Canadian?

I don't know if it's that we're absurd, necessarily, but that generally we're obsessed. When Britain and America say, "We're going to invade Iraq," people go, "Oh, look out! There's trouble brewing." But in Canada, we don't have the power, militarily or economically, to affect the world that way.

How would you solve the Iraq problem?

I think you just keep sending more letters, and you can't let it go. Laughter is the best medicine for the most part, except not medicine is much better than laughter if you're really sick. Mocking people who take themselves too seriously is probably a good way.

As a member of Carly and the Juice Pigs, you once drove 27 hours straight from Ottawa to Winnipeg for a gig because you were the only one who could drive. What's your worst memory of that trip?

One of the other guys had a temporary permit, and I said, "Well, I'll be at it and you drive for a while." He got behind the wheel, accident-prone, and immediately spun the guest organ van three times. It ended up facing the wrong way on the highway. And I said, "You know what? I'll take over."



What's it like as a performer trying to make it in Canada?

It's hard. There are a lot of comics in Canada, and sometimes it's just a matter of being a good comic to get into. I don't know how! But it's staying power, and sticking with it, knowing that if you do all your work you

might get it. The hardest thing is going to your parents and asking for money when you're broke—and having to get things co-signed all the time until you're 30.

What is one thing you wouldn't want people to know about you?

That I can fly! But I don't want people to know that because then they'll want me to deliver things, and I really can't be bothered.

What will your contribution say?

"Thanks for watching. Good night!" How about that?



GUN DOWN THIS SYSTEM

The critics are right. The federal firearms registry just doesn't work.

I USED TO say my husband about getting rid of the rifles and shotguns until the sun rose on the coyotes started to hunt in packs—during the daytime. They were hungry, because they had cleaned out most small prey. And when they got tired of a kill with wild yelping only 100 m from where we stood, when the neighbouring farmer advised us to be very careful outside our country home, I had a glimpse of the gulf between urban and rural Canada. But I never expected when the Liberals decided to register all gun owners—and then all long guns I have always been uncomfortable with the gun lobby than assumption that there is a right to bear arms, their incoherent actions, their repeated hyperbole. Regulators in the Canadian way, I thought. It will curb gun violence, I thought. Anyway, what harm can it do? I was in that.

Anyone who has dealt with the Canadian Firearms Centre would not have been surprised by the auditors' general scathing report last month. In 1993, the Justice Department predicted the program would cost \$2 million to implement; it now turns out the tally will hit at least \$1 billion by 2004–2005. Five provinces have opted out of the scheme. Eight search-cramped software and format have been repeatedly revised, full costs have never been calculated.

When departments and agencies do not work together—the program could not focus on its intended target of high-risk owners. Instead, it has crisscrossed on estimated 2.3 million gun owners, of whom 1.9 million are now licensed, in an enormous dietary struggle to fill out forms. How hard is it? The system says about 90 percent of the license and registration applications contain errors or omissions. “The federal provincial system looks down—and the federal government is not capable of managing this,” says Senator Lowell Murray, chair of the Senate national finance committee, which has protested registry costs since March 1997. “It is a mess, a shambles.”

So how did we get to this mess? The federal government has required handgun reg-

istration since 1934. Over the decades, the registry has been centralized, guns such as automatic weapons have been restricted or prohibited, penalties have been increased for the use of guns in serious crimes—and, in 1999, Firearms Acquisition Certificates came into effect: purchasers were screened and their purchases recorded. In the early 1990s, these certificates were expanded: anyone buying any gun had to pass a safety course, provide detailed personal information, undergo a screening check and face a mandatory 28-day waiting period. The idea was to accumulate a list of owners and guns.

Then the Liberals decided to register everyone and everything. Philip Stenning, a former University of Toronto criminologist who now teaches at New Zealand's Victoria University of Wellington, points out that 80 percent of Canadian gun deaths in 1999 were suicides. And the registry is a simplistic approach to a complicated problem and police tend to see violence from legally acquired long guns, urban police must grapple with the proliferation of illegal hand guns. “We have to address the social underpinnings of the illegal handgun market,” Stenning says. “We need to stop creating that regulation like the gun registry will solve that problem.”

Plus, we must clarify the problem. There were 534 homicides in Canada in 2001. Firearms were used in one-third—just over one-quarter of the firearms deaths—or 46 homicides—were committed with a rifle or shotgun. Two-thirds of the firearms deaths involved handguns. (The rest included such guns as automatic weapons.) Among the recovered handgun used in murder cases

1997, 74 percent were not registered. Meanwhile, Ottawa has convinced thousands of Canadian society some thousands paper-pushers or, worse, criminals. These people are largely rural, they are often poorer and they are owed to federal justice. “The gun registry is simply a manifestation of social inequality—poor criminals involved in a legal system where you live,” says Queen's University political scientist Matthew Mendelsohn, who notes that Ottawa's rules appear unable to broker deals with rural Canada. “The Liberals are a party of urban Canada.”

Which probably explains why Justice Minister Martin Cauchon is determined to plow ahead. In early January, such lawfully added another \$152,800 to the registry bill, hiring outside accountants and consultants. He wants a perfect chance to go back to the old registry system. Firearms Acquisition Certificates. If the goal is to keep guns out of the hands of potentially violent people, the certificates—with their in-depth screening—were the answer. He could retain the license—since most gun owners are law-abiding one—and halt the registration of old guns. Each new long gun and with new owner would still be registered. The weapons could be part of a real problem: since gun trafficking across the U.S.-Canada border; more probes into gun sales, increased policing of drug-dealing gangs. “The registry is an enormous waste of dysfunction,” says former justice official John Davis, president of the B.C. Civil Liberties Association. “To squander the respect for law that people have is the worst kind of vandalism.”

The alternative is a money pit. Ottawa may change our beautiful news releases but I know the system is not working. I offer two small examples among many. We have done antique registered guns without serial numbers—but Ottawa has sent only two eligible violators to court. It is impossible to telephone, although I have wanted to hold longer than mid-April Canada. I have never reached a bureau listing. They have also sent correspondence to an unknown person who purportedly lives at our address, who owns prohibited weapons and who does not have a license. On Sept. 23, I wrote, pleading with them to correct their records. So far, no answer. In the end, the cops never bothered us. But the gun registry has clipped a sizable chunk out of my civic soul. **M**

Mary Jamison's columns appear every other issue. maryjamison@maclean.ca

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THE BOOTLEGGER AND HIS MOLL

In Calgary, a sensational true story is now an opera, writes BRIAN BERGMAN

A YOUNG IMMIGRANT WOMAN is forced into a loveless arranged marriage with a much older man. She is later lured into the employ of another man, a daring bootlegger and, according to community group, becomes passionately involved with either him or his son. The woman and the bootlegger are imprisoned in the remainder of a police roundup. During a sensational trial, the defendant's own lawyer appears to put most of the blame on her. But in the end, both are found guilty and sentenced to hang.

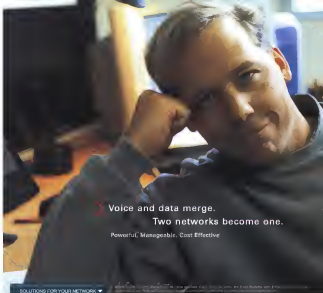
The stuff of *Travis? Nope*, it all happened in a remote corner of the Alberta Rockies dur-

ing Prohibition some eight decades ago. The stuff of opera? Definitely.

On Feb. 1, the Calgary Opera stages the first of three performances of *Filumena*, an original, two-act creation based on the life and untimely death of Filumena (Filomena) Losorio, who was sent to the gallows in 1923 at the age of 32, one of the few women to be hanged in Canada. The ambitious, \$1.3-million production, mounted in cooperation with the Banff Centre (where

With Filumena, Bittencourt and Murray recreated one of the few Canadian women to be hanged

a second set of performances will be staged in August), is one of only a handful of grand operas to be written and produced in Canada in the past 30 years. The brainchild of Calgary Opera's composer-in-residence, John Enns, and Alberta playwright John Murray, *Filumena* is presenting the kind of issue that would be the envy of any arts organization, let alone a regional opera company that, until recently, was struggling to survive. "People are coming out of the woodwork for this one," says Calgary Opera general director and CEO Bob McPhee, who is anticipating a sell-out opening night at Calgary's



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Opera >

2,000-seat Jolez Auditorium "beyond its artistic significance, what we're witnessing right now is a real crime."

Filomena took root about three years ago when Murrell and Estacio met to discuss a possible collaboration. Filomena had recently been hired by Calgary Opera and changed, among other things, with developing original works as part of the company's successful effort to attract new audiences and wipe out its accumulated debt. The son of Portuguese immigrants, Estacio wanted an opera based on a Canadian story that some how told an immigrant tale. If it had regional resonance for an Alberta audience, so much the better. And, oh yes, not other thing, "I wanted to make sure," says Estacio, 36, "that there was some soap in this opera." By first, he meant a basic human story with audience appeal beyond poor astrophysical audit-of-the-art opera buff.

Murrell, artistic director of the state arts at the Bessie Centre and one of Canada's most frequently produced playwrights, had just the idea. Several years earlier, he pulled up a film volume, *The Last Days*, which included stories about the West's rape-rife that flourished at the Crown of Pin region of the Rockies in the Canada-U.S. border during Prohibition. By far the most intriguing tale concerned Emilio Picarello (also known as "Emperio Pic"), a charismatic leader who ran a thriving house of gambling operation straddling from Nelson, B.C., to Regina, while carrying out a respectable public career as a hotel and restaurant owner and town councillor.

Picarello took under his wing Filomena Cosentino, who had emigrated from Italy wealthy and then, at age 15, was the much older Carlo Lessandro, one of Filomena's cousins. Filomena's job was to pose, along with Picarello's son, Steve, as part of a young couple who could move freely across the border without arousing suspicion. On a solo bootlegging run, Steve was shot, though not killed, by Const. Stephen O. Lawson. Picarello and Filomena subsequently recruited Lawson, who was killed. It was unclear who pulled the trigger, and both Picarello and Filomena were charged with murder. Not that terrified at the trial, but their lawyer repeatedly stressed none of the blame toward Filomena, in the belief that the jury would never sentence a woman to death—or, if they did, that the sentence would be commuted. It didn't work out that way.

The trial—held, as it happened, in a tiny opera house in Coleman, Alta—drew national media attention and sparked no end of tabloidish gossip. Some speculated Picarello and Filomena were lovers. Others contended that Picarello and Steve were having an affair, which might explain why she wanted to stage his shooting. All of the rumors were unfounded. But Murrell, who has penned over the transcripts of the trial, is convinced of one thing: if the case were heard today, Picarello and Filomena would never have been sent to their deaths. "There's just too much contradictory testimony," says the 57-year-old playwright. "Either a trial would be declared or they would be given lesser sentences."

In their opera, Murrell and Estacio depict Filomena and Steve (known here as

Stefano) as lovers. But the connection between her and Picarello is more complex. They imagine that when Filomena and Picarello shared was a burning desire to rise above their humble origins. Picarello, in their view, saw bootlegging as a way to buy influence, authority and respect in his adopted homeland. Filomena went along for the ride—all the way to its tragic conclusion.

Working with Murrell's libretto, Estacio composed an original score consisting of more distinctive scenes building to a dramatic climax. In addition to the usual arias and credible pieces, his composition moves from the period, including a rapturous piano riff and a somber bagpipe-and-drums interlude in the performance's funeral. The final scene of the opera focuses on Filomena and Picarello in their separate prison cells during their last hours. Both are contemplating what they will mean about life, but otherwise they are a study in contrasts. Filomena is calm and collected, she has accepted responsibility for her fate, stands for them, and is looking forward to redemption in the next life. Picarello is angry, feeling first he was unjustly punished then away from his home-grown. In reality, Picarello was so against he was finally dragged (given sedatives) and dragged to the gallows.

The producers of *Filomena* were determined to use an all-Canadian cast. A key challenge was finding the right soprano to play Filomena. It had to be someone who combined youthful exuberance with the strong technical skills needed for such demanding role (Filomena is on stage for the entire 120-minute opera). After a long search, they settled on a relative newcomer, 30-year-old Teri McManney native Laramie, Wyo. She is paired with Gailan Laperriere, one of Canada's most highly regarded of baritone, as Picarello.

Few modern grand operas get produced, even fewer have a long life. Mindful of the box-office, opera companies consistently return to such tried-and-true crowd-pleasers as *Madame Butterfly* and *Carmen*. Estacio and Murrell recognize that most opera organizations would view *Filomena* as a risky proposition. But they believe the production has legs. "The fact this takes place in the Crown of Pin is no different than the fact *Carmen* takes place in Seville," says Estacio. "It has universal characters and universal themes. Above all, it's just a great story." The truth of opera, indeed. ■

At 15, Filomena married an older man, and later became a smuggler for Emilio Picarello



PEOPLE | 59



Teaching young cats new tricks
A Canadian tiger trainer makes his home in South Africa, showing cats how to hunt.

BOOKS | 51



A small island and its huge empire
During the 18th century, as Haida Colley argues in *Captives*, British leaders wanted where to find the resources to build a burgeoning empire. They found the answer in complex and often roughly equal relationships with many of their new subjects.

Listings | Curtain call

Time after Time
until Feb. 8
The Solly Theatre is the first stop on a national tour of this town's Theatre production by Toronto's James O'Reilly: it's the story of a writer who tries to capture the essence of **Chet Baker**, the late jazz boss and heroin-addict virtuoso.

Mary's Wedding
Feb. 13-March 2
Part of First World War
shows, part love story,
this Feature Theatre
Exchange production
was written by Cal-
ifornia playwright
Stephen Matsushita
Vicki Jones

Art
Feb. 1-4
Theatre New Brunswick presents the Terry Award-winning comedy, *Fouring* by G. David Johnson. Norm Finkle and Simon Broadbent. The play will tour the province after its initial run in the capital city (Halifax).

Copenhagen
Jan 22-Feb 2
A Neptune Theatre production, by London-based Michael Rouse, *Copenhagen* dramatizes an actual secret meeting that took place in 1941 in occupied Denmark between Danish scientist Niels Bohr and his former German friend, Werner Heisenberg.



Business | Crafty and cunning in a cramped office

Jennifer Klager and Susan Oval are not typical executive types. The 23-year-old co-owners of Pique Originals, a jewelry design and manufacturing company, share a desk in a cramped Toronto office—and they like it. They even share business cards. “It’s a symbol of our company,” says Klager. “Each of us has an equal say in everything.”

Kluger and Oval began their partnership in 1998 and in 2000 they both enrolled in the University of Western Ontario's Richard Jepp School of Business. They'd spend their free time between classes and in the summers designing, crafting and distributing handmade neckties, scarves and rings to stores in Toronto, London and Winnipeg. They named the company Foy after looking up the word in the dictionary. "The

Dvor (left) and Kluge are designers and manufacturing architects in New York

DISCUSSION

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Just as business was really picking up last year, the team continuously scaled down production. They needed to focus attention on their final exams. "We didn't want to shoot ourselves in the foot by bringing suppliers while we were finishing up our degrees," says Orel. "Now our infrastructure and accounting system are in place and we are ready to make a big bang."

This month, they're relaunching nationally. And they expect to have their wares in 200 boutique and specialty stores across the country by the end of the year. In 2004, they plan to enter the U.S. market. For target is females aged 16 to 34—and the silver coated pewter pieces range in price from \$15 to \$36. "We are adamant on keeping prices down," says Orel. "We're both big buyers and sellers." JENN WICK

Files | Portrait of a father

John Cusack seems ingrained in the Talking about the Cinema event: the *Interview*, *Get in the Ring*, *Max—In* which plays Mike Ballman, a fictional, Jewish-art dealer who befriends a young self-destructive man named Adolf Hitler...this Hollywood star doesn't deny: "The world tends to view Hitler as some kind of monster, but ultimately he's honest in the *Talkin' Tins* Tins originated from a man who made certain moral choices. Cusack says something that may be uncomfortable to consider: "It's not good, and he does have another aspect and mass destruction even to take over the world, there are reasons he has to address it" in connecting about Hitler's youth, Hitler does remember how — and it's disturbing. *Snail* *Snail* *Snail* played the Hitler in training on an empty, otherwise, Hitler's young, Hitler's not available, but it's a respectable Hitler and Hitler

He'll also play target, and Cassavese character gets a couple of letters: "You're a jerk, idiot," and "You're an awful bad man!" like it's a Greek acronym, these lines, along with the soon-to-be classic, "Idiot, clown, I'll buy you a glass of medicine," three laughter. Casavese seems surprised: "I said," he says, "it was never laughter." The *Deliverance* and *LA-54* star says he had many reasons for wanting to be involved in *Requiem* project: "I was interested in the period, in the art, in exploring the banality of evil and the total evil, which, which spans from the First World War. *Requiem* was born out of the banality," he said also was won by the fact that director Mervyn Duvall was making a personal project. These characters, says Casavese, could

Music | Celebrating three decades in the big leagues

Setting in a Toronto café, Canadian actor Ben Coesware confides intimately and what you see is what you get: domestic rare is an industry dominated by self-and-algebra. He graciously believes of helping a woman with her cast is rare—period. He's also a humanitarian, working in Africa and World Vision and volunteering with the Performing Society Canada.

Of course the singer-songwriter is best known for hits like *The Big League* and *Life Is a Highway*. And now, after almost 30 years in the music business—he's won seven *Grammy* Awards and has albums *Mad Mad Mad* (first sold over two million copies in North America)—Cochran's released *Thrupea*, a 30-song retrospective CD compilation and DVD featuring his work with *Bad Rider*. "We're calling it *Thrupea* instead of 'best of,'" says

Cochrane, "because 'Best of' is an example"

The 49-year-old toll has stories to tell. In 2000, he finished writing *Just Like Ali*, based on Thayer, about his father's struggle with Parkinson's disease. Goodwin performed the song at a ceremony for *Michael and Ali* this past October in Toronto—anyone entering the premiere hall was awestruck. "I said, 'You're a big inspiration to me and to my Parkinson's,'" he said. "Thank you" as well as his hands shaking he took that beyond belief. He was carrying out needed on-off, hauling in over with a stark. It was a fake and real dollar bill.¹⁶

Last November, Cochran's dad, **Tuck**, lost his seven-year battle with Parkinson's. Cochran sang at the funeral. "Songs," he says, "are a wonderful vessel to filter the emotions of the heart." —**WILLY WATSON**

That's actually one of the most jarring aspects of *Ides*, which is set in 1938. Cusack's character, a First World War veteran who had an arm in combat, seems more a product of modern times than of more than eight decades ago. His speech and overall manner seem a touch odd: It's a too-clever performance. But the film with its bold and bizarre concept, leaves a lasting impression. **D** *—JAMES DUNN*



Example: probability that the 30% will not



THE FINE ART OF FAKERY

Are there any among us who don't bend the truth sometimes when it suits us?

IN CASE YOU ever need to pull out a great line, I'm a killer at a cocktail party. The fifteen-line, five-way conversation that lights my brain, topic to topic—on just about perfect for someone like me, a person, as a friend, is a necessity. "Of course, I've heard that super-famous actress," I found myself saying. "Propeller head holding forth on the chase away, the Yangtze Chinese port. To it's and the best way to protect yourself? I'm afraid by a great white shark. There was, of course, a certain absurdity to all this since I know nothing about any of these matters. But so what? No one was about to point a finger in my direction anyway. "Wait a minute, where the heck did you learn about monster trucks anyway?" To do so, after all, would involve looking up a spoken, yet dogmatically held, rule: you probe the depth of any actual knowledge about plain sciences, history, and I'll have a few words to say regarding your little riff on the unadvised arrival period of Edward Bear.

Yes, occasionally everybody has to fake it to get through a dinner party or a conversation with a waiter. That's because, however, the more you know, the more you know. Sometimes the price of displaying the true extent of your ignorance for all to see is simply too great. I'm not just talking about the confused look a young daughter gives when she realizes that daddy would have a seriously hard time passing Grade 6 math. I mean when the guy at the garage calls and says something that sounds like, "It's your phat, eh," before adding, "It's what." It should not, of course, matter who that guy has any idea what he's talking about. Just say "Darned, we got a new one for you, but that was way too early!" If, on the other hand, you select what the unknown part does, you've made a real strategic error. Even hard and you might hear that on that machine's events on the other end of the line, breaking out the champagne. A couple of hours later—I say this from real, first-hand experience—you'll be \$1,500 poorer and own a car that still sounds as if a wild ani-

mal has made its last under the hood.

You see what I'm getting at: when it comes to a question of self-protection. Like when Ron, the guy with the great palate at the wine store, has you in his sights. It can begin innocently enough, perhaps with asking him if he has something that won't scorch the taste buds, for less than eight bucks. Next thing you know he's coming about "nose" and "brisk," "the Cab-Sans" and "peppery Merlot." Now you're dead meat. I once ran into the store looking for a six-pack of Alexander Keith's. Ron was on duty. A half-hour later, I emerged blinking in confusion, taking a case of "also truly." Prior to that, that won't be desirable until my 11-year-old daughter is in university.

Sometimes you have to fake it right as guys like that. Sometimes it's taken in a few key words or phrases—"just modern," "Adrian Diet" and "propelled impurities," to list three common examples—called from previous slithering of a magazine like this one. Strong opinions, however, unadorned, can help. ("Creative-Austin Charles is the best CEO Canada has ever had.") So



carefully, you're—sacred, genuine, strong or double being among the most useful—so long as it's sufficiently engaging. Or an expression that "better yet, somehow conveys knowledge of inside information to which the listener is not privy.

I know this sounds best. I also know it's a hard world out there where the wolves circle any time you show you're lagging behind the learning curve. Politicians, teachers, business executives and talking heads on television know this implicitly. But my advice is to watch the expression the next time someone is babbling on about their latest laptop and you are always choose the one "which has the latest color." Notice how you're suddenly alone at the reception after you see me, a conversation about the new Spike Lee film by asking whether Edward Norton was asked after that guy with the funny hair on *The Honeybees*.

But there can also be a downside to faking it so well. Throughout Christmas, when the world junior championship was drawing my hometown of Halifax hockey crowd, I bluffed my way through most conversations that I'd care to admit about what will happen when the Russian head into the women with the North American boys and whether Jordan Tootoo is big enough for the big show. I'm still paying the price, thank you. I seriously, people, I know have taken to filling our conversations with news of my NHL studies. I guess expectantly and let out the occasional "oh man." Once, I stumbled something about "the importance of solid forechecking," a phrase I'd read on a Web site somewhere.

But what's the alternative? This is a society where a guy's credulity is suspect if he isn't willing to offer up some opinion on what really happened to Norel. So, to keep my inner cred, I'm more than willing to fake it when the need arises. Like just the other day, when I was in the lineup at Canadian Tire, talking, naturally, with a world-renowned chicken professor about the latest recipe. Waiting for the line to move, I bobbed and weaved before blaring out something about Blythe—the's Icelandic, right? He raised an eyebrow suspiciously. So I asked him if the Queen is any of the best eye games. "The Queen?" I said, after he shook his head. Then I learned, because I know it: this guy was all mine.

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